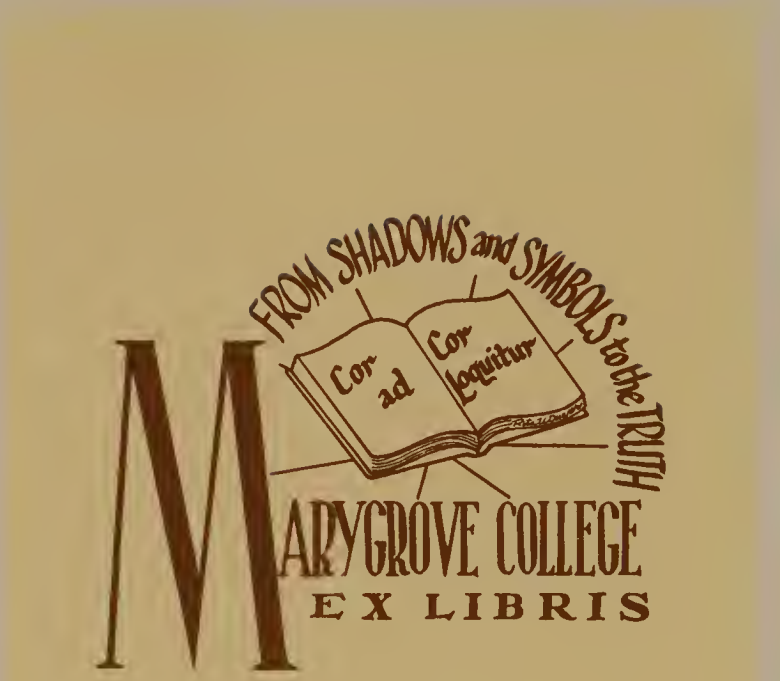

FROM SHADOWS and SYMBOLS to the TRUTH
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AMERICAN ALPHABETS

H72

American Alphabets

PAUL HOLLISTER

EDITOR



NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS

1930

AMERICAN ALPHABETS

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H-E

FIRST EDITION

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To

W. A. DWIGGINS

who 'writes fair'

CONTENTS

THESE MEN OF LETTERS	1
LUCIAN BERNHARD	17
FRED G. COOPER	27
OSWALD COOPER	37
HARVEY HOPKINS DUNN	47
W. A. DWIGGINS	57
FRED S. FOSTER	67
FREDERIC W. GOUDY	77
GUSTAV JENSEN	85
GUIDO AND LAWRENCE ROSA	95
JOSEPH SINEL	105
WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE	115

THESE MEN OF LETTERS....

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service

HAMLET, v.ii. 33–36

HAMLET'S words," writes Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, "are a half-apology for 'writing fair,' and it is not obvious why the poet should have dragged in the 'statists'' supposed contempt for good handwriting. Nothing could be more contrary to the fact than a wholesale condemnation of the handwriting of Elizabethan statesmen as essentially bad. The handwriting of educated men of that period was no worse than that of our own day; in some respects it was far better. It is probable that Shakespeare was merely giving expression to the common view among men in public life, which has not been confined to those of his own time, that to 'write fair' is the mark of a trained clerk and not of a gentleman."

~

Argument. In this book are twenty-or-so alphabets conceived and made by contemporary American designers. The book came together because over fifteen

years in traffic with letters, it was borne in upon its editor that strong and good letters were being made in America. America is a continent without an aboriginal tradition in lettering and type, and the editor thought that it was worth remarking that the continent is producing first-rate lettering, with its hands, in the climax of the second act of the machine age.

~

The machine age has brought with it a great deal of false emphasis. The machine age, for instance, picks each year a "first ten" of men and women who can hit a gas-ball with a catgut bat over a net. The machine age anoints the eleven stalwarts who can move a pig-bladder faster about a grass-plot than any other imaginary eleven. The machine age builds a colonnade for the brown-brass effigies of departed servants of society, styling it meekly the "Hall of Fame." The machine age pounces on heroes, shoves them downstage, turns on the limelight, and applauds . . . for a moment. And when new sound effects are discovered, and new lighting effects are perfected, the emphasis will be sharper, and the applause more strident. The moment will be somewhat shorter.

ALPHABETS

Inevitably this modest collection of good letters will invite comparison, both in the mass and within the mass. Whether its alphabets are better or worse than the German or French or Siamese, whether the work of this man or that is better or worse than his neighbor's, whether the book crystallizes prejudices for or against hand-lettering as against cast type, are matters of major unconcern to its editor. It is not a first ten, nor a hall of fame, nor an all-American eleven, nor a nosey gesture across the eastern or western sea. It is just the naive contribution of several good American workmen, of the sort of work they do because they like to do it. That their colleagues and informal pupils in making letters generally grant them admiration, and freely draw on them for inspiration, automatically crowds them to the top of their art. They themselves are (almost without * exception) a nosegay of violets of the most retiring hue.

~

Observation. Good lettering puts music into written language. There is no subtler rhythm than the

* One of them admits that he knows too much about lettering.

rhythm of a page on which a good calligrapher is interrupting the tense silence of white paper.

~

Renaissance. Lettering is a very ancient art. How ancient is not important. All that is in the histories. The only thing that makes an archaeologist happier than digging up treasure is to dig up treasure bearing an inscription which helps him to pin the treasure to a cork. We have gone a long parade of dates from the mists of our dawn to the point of this day. We have seen lettering pass from the stick to the chisel to the pen, from the goose feather to the jeweled reservoir of rubber and gold and celluloid, from the angular jabs of the Gregorian monk through the flourishes of George Bickham and his Universal Penman, to the Spencerian fancy-skating of our fathers, and the pot-bellied school hand of our descendants. Until the middle of the Nineteenth Century, a fair round hand was normally evidence that there was something in the head. Then someone discovered a devilish convenience of hammers which he called a typewriter, and someone else concocted a defenseless phonograph which he called a dictaphone, and the necessity of making letters by hand became a

tedious task, and so of course a habit in jeopardy, even a neglected art.

Some say a lost art. The signature of a captain of industry on a bank check certainly belies any interdependence between hand and head. Children, we are told (by themselves) are aggressively bored by the necessity of writing things out; they take readily to hammering the keys of the typewriter. Yet they are good heads, those children's—much wiser than our own—and what children hammer on the typewriter reveals no degeneration in their thinking. That a page of typewritten manuscript is one of the most ingeniously illegible affronts to the eye has not checked the hammering; nor has it provoked the typewriter-makers to put a legible letter on the hammers. This is even now in progress, but since it does not suit our argument, we will skip it. The handwriting of your average creature of culture may be anything from hen-tracks to a rainstorm of non-syllabic characters, midway between a laundry list and the "sincere regards" which an actress slashes across the shoulder of her photograph. Few painters alive can letter a respectable caption on a portrait: if one does, you suspect him as a painter; if he draws an N backward, or dots a capital I, you know

he is self-convicted as a bad designer. There are people who read handwriting, and who read, through it, what they call character: the addicts of fair writing cry "God help the readee!" If you believe them, handwriting, and so letters, are a lost art—or at least a lost cause.

~

Nothing of the sort.

Letters are first a means of communication of thought. You can't stop thought from communicating. Letters are the only means of pinning thought down to something like a comprehensible medium of exchange. The written word has always been a little safer than the spoken. Is. When printing helped to make the acceptance of the written word general, it became evident that mere legibility was not all that could be asked of letters, and that shades of thought could be projected into the shapes of the letters. When a notable died, it was regarded as decent to write the general regret in something more than merely visible characters, and so his memorial was usually enriched with letters of some beauty and dignity. It was discovered that to write the word VEIL in fat letters somehow did not mean veil quite as swiftly as to write it in tenuous, trailing letters.

The printers found market for their products in direct proportion to the extent to which they added beauty (plain or gay) to legibility, and so they turned to beautiful writers, and bade them make alphabets which might be cut in type and multiplied over the reading world. That is why we can no more do without these calligraphers—these beautiful writers—than we can do without grass or matches. Without calligraphers there would be (presently) no printing, or at least no shades of authority or persuasion in printing; and without printing, we are left flat, with only the telephone, telegraph, radio, television and jungle gossip to convey thought.

No—lettering is not a lost art. It is not even a mislaid art. It is only readjusting itself to the indisposition to write a fair round hand. All the slack it lost there has been taken up in the past few years. One invention puts it out of business, the next sets it up in a new shop across the street. After the typewriter came the photo-engraving, which would magically duplicate, overnight, the precise characteristics which the lettering man drew on paper; would duplicate them in inexpensive plates, from which one might print thousands and millions of impressions. Patrons of printing who bought

it to sell wares began to learn that lettering could often be made to compress into odd spaces where metal type would not fit with clearness, force or elegance, and so these men of letters began to find their opportunities for publication multiplied by scores: advertisements went over in a stampede to the flexibility and "thought-color" of lettering. The widespread circulation of advertisement rekindled in the human eye an appreciation of the meaning of letters, and this refreshed demand made itself felt back upon the publishers, who presently began to turn out books and magazines of more agreeable characters—and asked the men of letters to show them how. Most of the men in this volume are showing them.

Handwriting and letters a lost cause? Not yet.

~

It is fair to say, after a ramble through the publications of this and other countries, that it is in the morning of its renaissance. Within the past ten years more new readable alphabets have come from the type founders than emerged in any generation before. Within the past twenty-five years, more calligraphers have done more acrobatics with the basic letter forms

than they have done since the pious scribes wrote all the books by hand. Down the avalanche of letters have tumbled plenty that are not easy to decipher; in every barrel there are some bad apples; our breathless mania for being *à la mode* has trapped us into the use of letters and of type which we shall deny on the Last Day; aye, we have sinned. But it was good clean innocent sin, and we were only exploring. And when we look back to Florence of 1550, and see the famous Brother Vespasian constructing initial-letters out of penmanship that looks like nothing so much as a hairy centipede, and back to the U. S. Grant epoch and contemplate the rustic-wood capitals which embellished song-covers, and when we glance over our shoulders toward Paris-1900 and regard the pond-lily and Japanese-lantern epidemics in lettering, we realize that we have not sinned alone, nor so gravely. At this moment (the vogue is treacherous) there is fierce interest in chipping the feet off letters—those little whiskers called serifs, which came first from the trial touch and "signing-off" of the pen as it began and left the letter on the page, or from the chisel as it cut a beveled channel to an even depth. It is not the first time this pogrom on serifs has been declared; voices are high, tempers short; lettering-men

are experimenting for fear they may announce an opinion without trial, or in hope that trial will evolve a new form of letter. The round-pointed pen, and the hard pencil, want a good alphabet. Mr. Oswald Cooper is trying it (see his pages), Mr. Dwiggins has a new alphabet in bent wire, if you please; German designers cry "stop thief!" to Yankee type-mongers, and the Yankees reply "you stole first"; zany-advertisers are serenely making their announcements hard to read because sans-serif is "*so chic*"; and from the noise and breakage indoors, and a glimpse of one contestant or another getting thrown out, we realize outside that progress is once more having a great deal of fun progressing, and will probably get somewhere. The letter-without-serifs may or may not be this or that; "though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense, she'll be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence," or so your editor suspects. He cares not; but he cares very much for the fact that there is a progressive quarrel on, as a symptom that lettering too will presently find sound new forms, as have certain other arts. We are indeed in the morning of the renaissance.

Commentary about spelling. It is repeatedly said that artists cannot spell. Why should they? Few good spellers can draw.

~

Maps. If the early printed maps had been set up or lettered like, say, a town tax map of 1910, America wouldn't have been explored. Terra incognita couldn't possibly have looked so incognita in Cheltenham.

~

Classic. An astute designer who saw the alphabets in this book felt politely unhappy that they were so "classic" in feeling; he implied that the American calligraphers are not brave. He does not realize, and there is no need to tell him, that these alphabets are made to use to talk to people in this country, through the media which they mostly read—not for the covers of Viennese candy-boxes. They are characteristic.

~

Tomorrow. Every now and then a school board goes out and a new school board comes in. Right behind the proud new membership may be seen the happy smiles of the book salesmen who know that whenever a new board replaces an old, they can sell new "systems." So

the boys and girls, who have had trouble enough learning the earlier "system" of penmanship, are pitched into a new, and they put their tongues into their cheeks, and coil their feet around the chair-legs and perspire and un-learn—and naturally acquire a rich and just and durable distaste for writing. As surely as they change schools (and we are nomadic) they find new curricula for the fair hand in which their selves are to be expressed on paper. Our country is a pot-pourri of more or less useful "systems" of school handwriting, whose total product is neither as legible (practical) nor as beautiful (practical) as the handwriting product of educated people in less enlightened epochs of the past. Mistrust of governmental standardization makes me shy off any implication that federal or state or town boards could evolve a durable group of alternative alphabets which schoolboys would enjoy copying so fast and well as to develop fair writing. Improvement in handwriting will result sooner if we challenge the cunning publishers to attack analysis of the elements of readable pleasing handwriting, then to put their alphabets into copy books, then to slip the leash on their rapacious salesmen. It is those copy-book salesmen, working on those proud new school boards, who will get first results.

But suppose that any of those publishers—or any of those boards—should say to any of the designers represented in this book: "Please make us two or three alphabets which children will like to copy—and which form fair habit-hands. We'll see that the children copy them."

Or suppose that any of those boards should decree that henceforth the primary pupils should have no copy books, but instead should have amusing clear type-cards (in one of the L. C. D. faces, like Caslon or Scotch or Baskerville (in the roman and italic (or fine Italian), and should copy those only, and thus evolve each into a natural individual handwriting based on sound and simple and fair elements of legibility as legibility is understood in the American-English tongue.

I dare believe that either experiment would plant and nourish and perpetuate fair writing swiftly, and with less pain than arbitrary copying of bastard alphabets. The habits of children grow, for good or bad, with equally astonishing speed. (I don't know why so much talk of speed except that we all feel that if a process is swift it must be good.) I believe also that unless some such simple and direct method is undertaken, no real improvement will be observed in handwriting during the source years. In England a "system" of

writing a so-called national hand with a reed-penstroke has made some progress into the daily correspondence of people—but not much. The alphabet itself is probably simpler and handsomer and more legible than the "system."

~

Overtones. There are several alphabets of extra interest in this book. Mr. Goudy's alphabet of Roman characters is the first publication of his new type-face *Kaatskill,* which he cut for the limited edition of "Rip van Winkle"—and which he designed as a retort to the implication that he had never made a book-type. . . . The alphabets of Guido and Lawrence Rosa are, regrettably, the last from the combined pen of the brothers, for Lawrence died a little time ago. . . . The alphabet of Mr. Foster is an effort toward utter simplicity, and pays the typewriter a nice compliment as a modern machine while it points a path for the typewriter-maker. . . .

~

There are also several interesting alphabets not in this book. Two of them should be designed by a gentleman who declined, on the ground that he had never originated any letters (though his copies of Caslon type

have distinct charm) and who then invalidated his excuses as he signed his name—



There is also somewhere in the anatomy of Mr. Walter Dorwin Teague a second alphabet which escorts him out of the Roman forum into a twentieth-century night-club, but he just couldn't get it into the press. Also not here, but, God-willing, to be here if this book ever warrants a second edition, are two alphabets by the powerful Mr. Rockwell Kent.

Non legal declaration. All the alphabets in this book are the creation of the heads and eyes and hands of the contributors. Two or three are already cast in new type and are protected by such flimsy protection as is offered by our laws. This book is copyrighted. Each of the contributors has his manuscript back at home, and how many times he uses it, or where, is his business. The editor hopes that each man will persuade a type-founder to cast his alphabets for great gain, as Mr. Goudy actually cut the type of his own alphabets

in metal with his own hands. The editor also hopes that any typefounder who "borrows" any alphabet in this book without the consent of, and payment to, the designer, will be boiled in oil. The editor hopes that every person who wishes to have a man of letters make letters for him will patronize each of these great designers, and all of them, and all of their honest disciples. The editor expects, and each designer expects, that other designers will be inspired to experiment, and will be mightily influenced in product, by these letters; the collaborators share with the editor that hope, with no boundaries of geography or age to limit it. The editor is happy to express a poisonous contempt for the conscienceless copyist, and a deep kinship for the conscientious interpreter. Lettering is either stolen or adapted: the fake always reveals itself—and the fake always reveals the faker. Finally, the editor hopes that every school-boy, and every student in a school of art, and every draftsman and artist everywhere, will seize his sovereign right to prove that he, himself, can do better lettering than any of these—for it is from such challenge that the good calligraphers of tomorrow must come.

P.H.

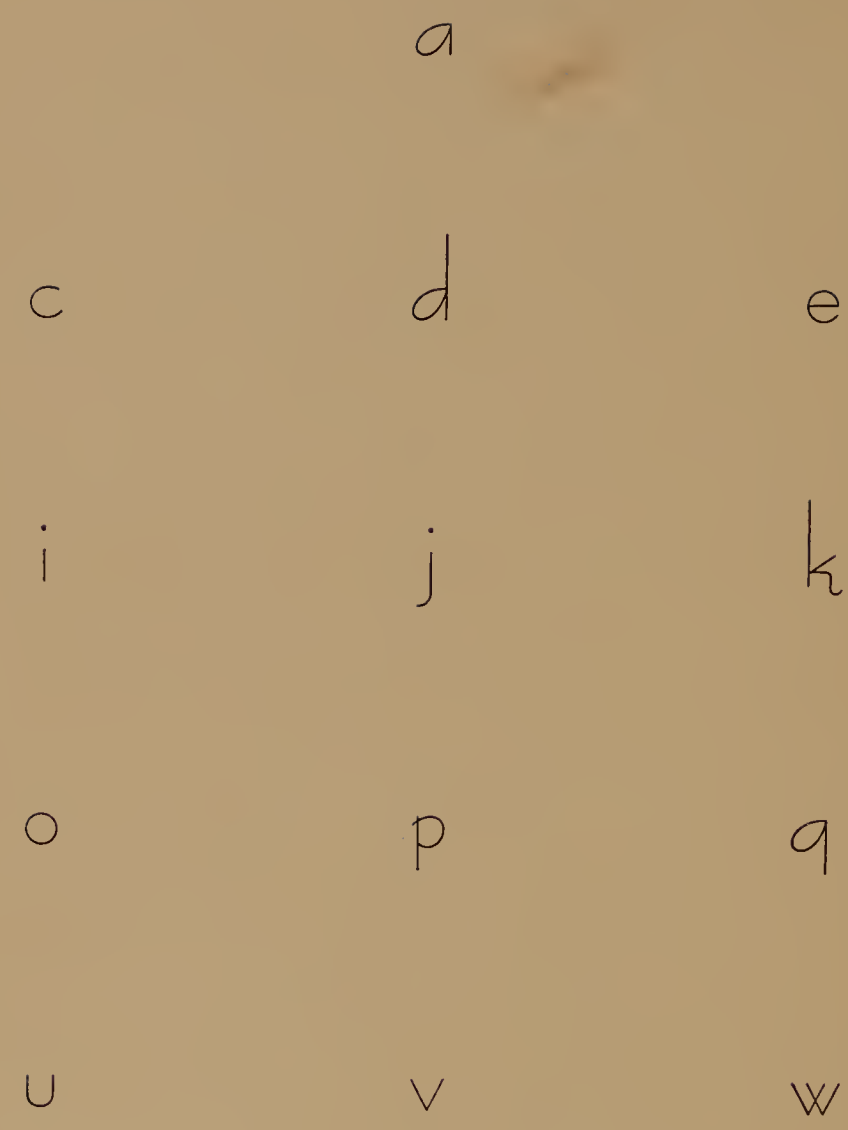
New York, 3 July, 1930

LUCIAN BERNHARD.....

Bernhard and Hohlwein were for years the foremost poster artists in Germany. But now these seven years Lucian Bernhard is resident practitioner in New York. He has designed virtually nothing except numerous type faces, silks, chain-store fronts, expensive store-interiors, cigarette and candy boxes, drawings for advertisements, furniture, houses, filling-stations, posters, toys and cartons. His spare time is lavished in setting manufacturers right about the line and color of the things they should make, and in decorating audacious interiors. He is prolific as a Ford assembling-plant, and as opinionated of designing-touch as only a conscientious pessimist can be. New alphabets he designs, if you please, in a few moments before breakfast, or between sips of tea. The thin alphabet which follows is his new type face "Fashion." He is a rich acquisition to the graphic life of America. And he is not yet even middle-aged.


A
C
D
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I
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K
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U
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B
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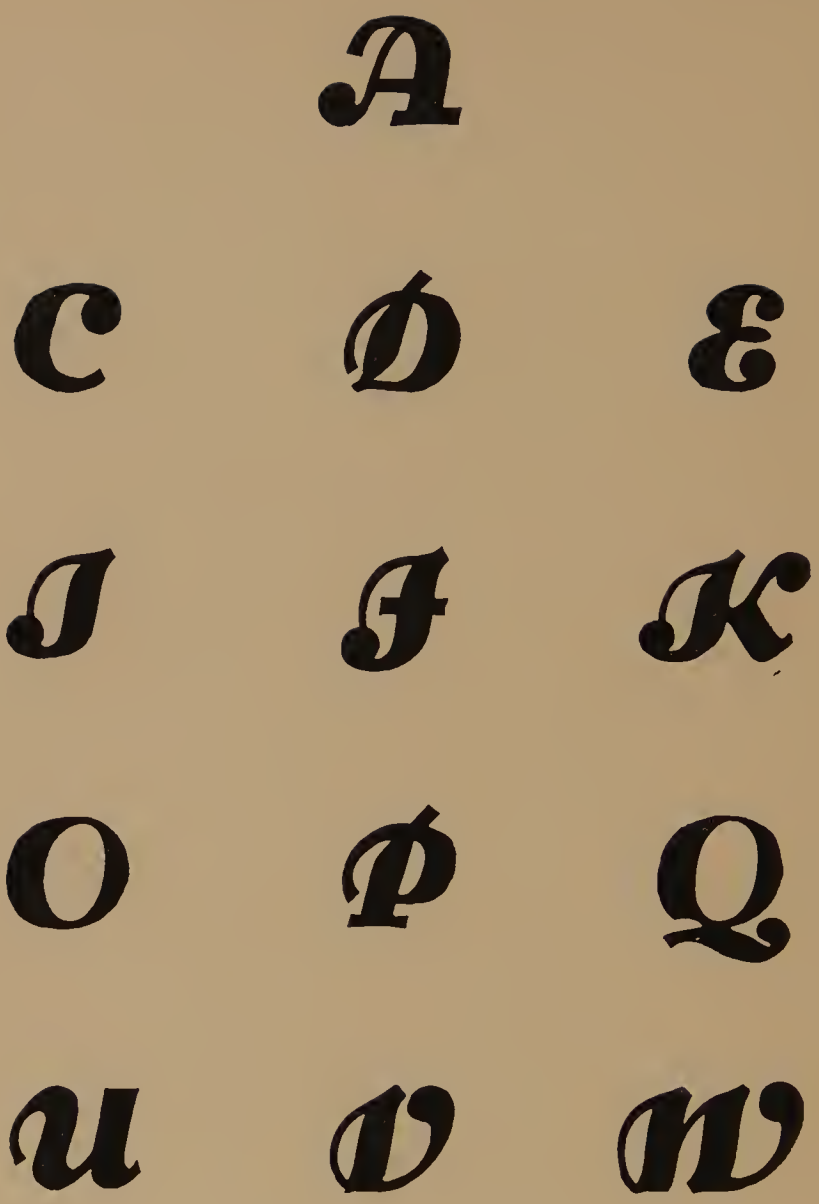
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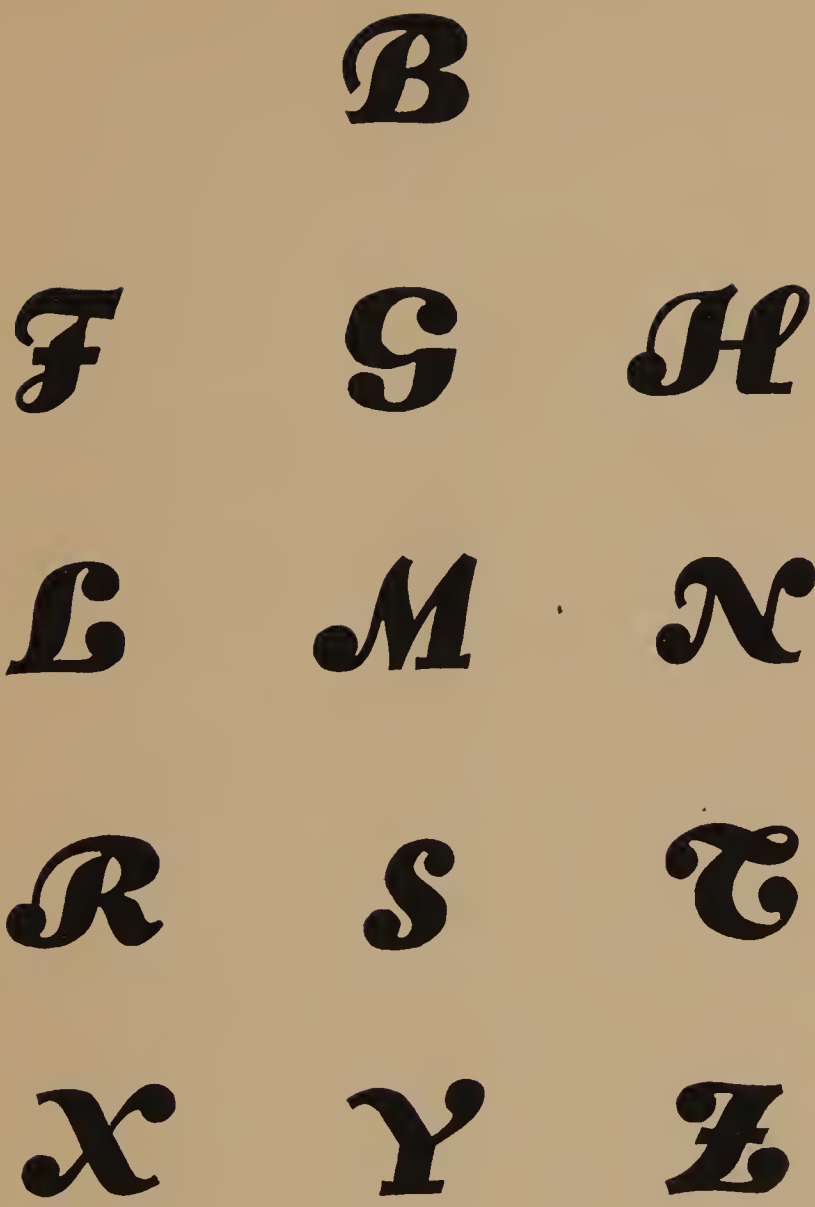
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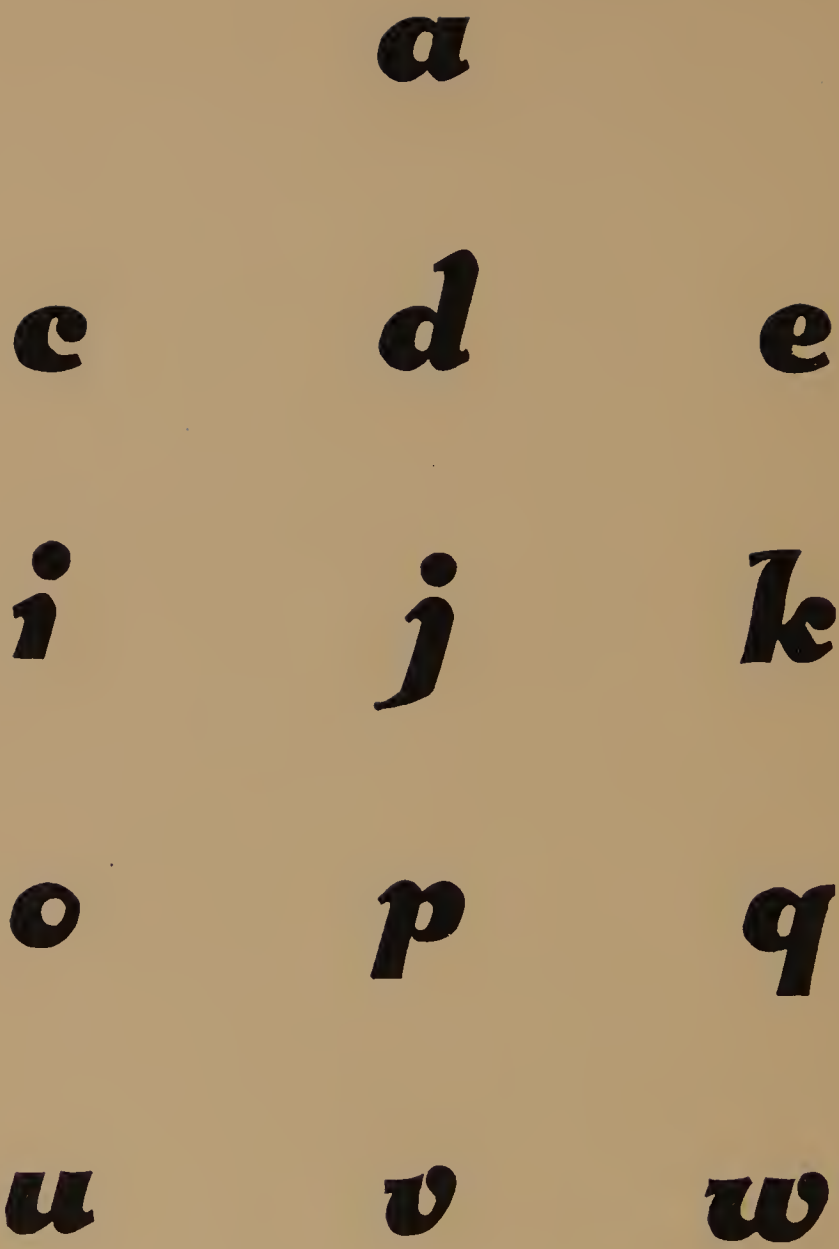
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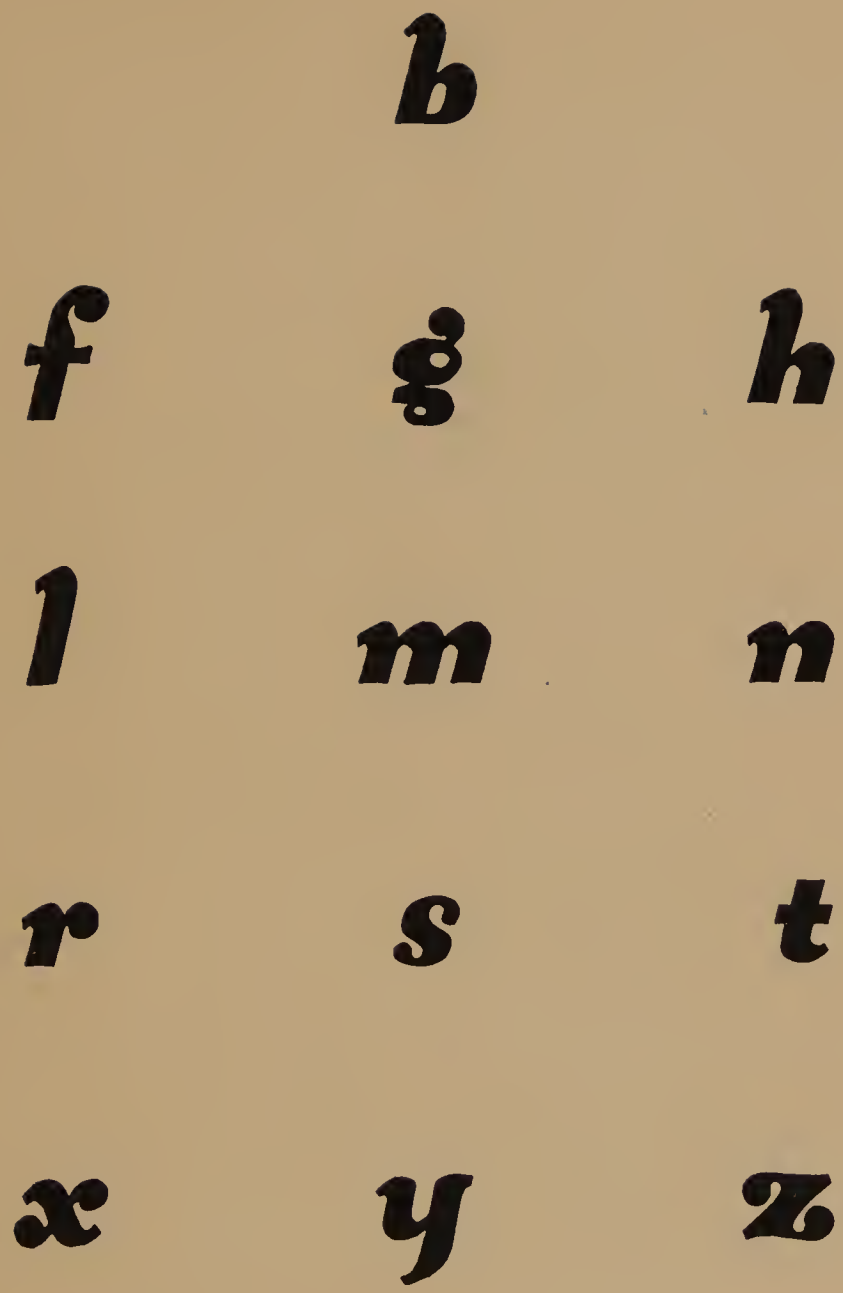
r s t

x y z




B
F G H
L M N
R S T
X Y Z


a
c d e
i j k
o p q
u v w


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l m n
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x y z



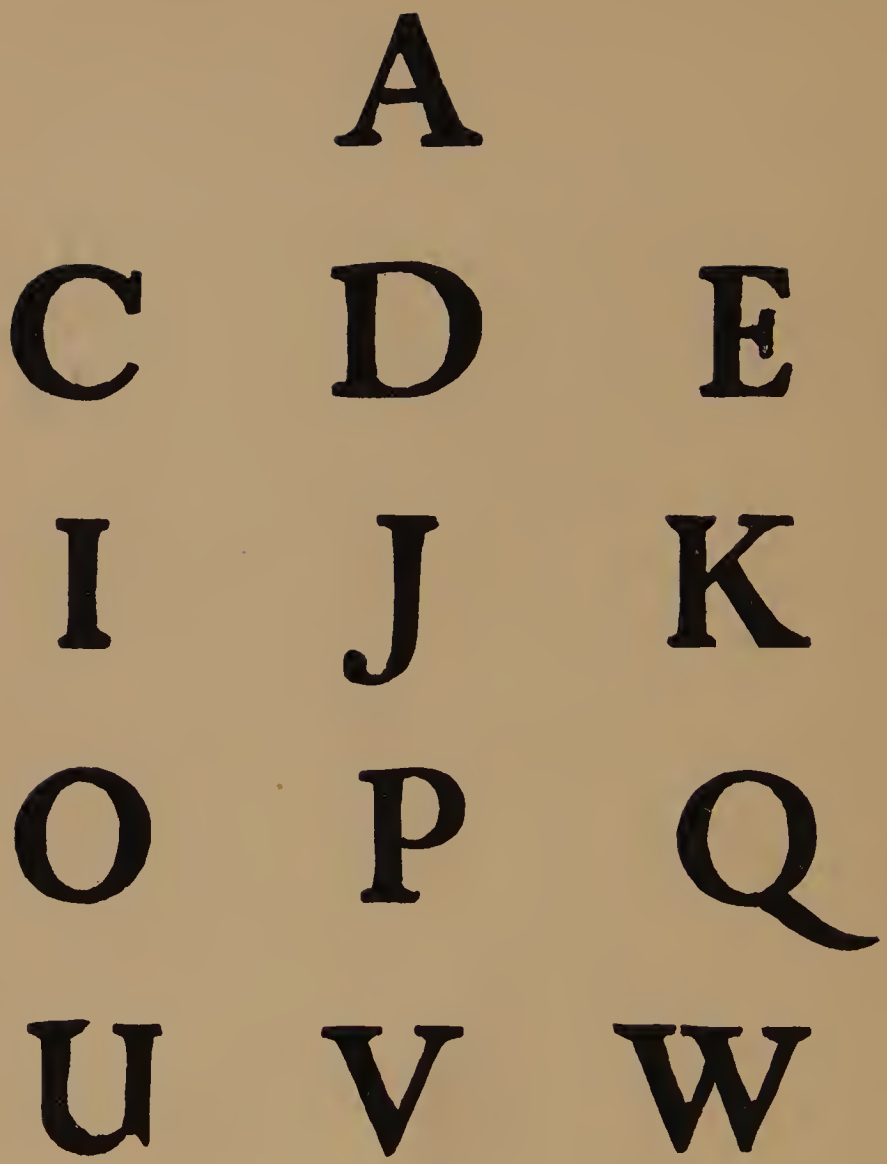
TRADE-MARK FOR
ADVERTISING ARTS

TRADE-MARK FOR
THE THEATRE GUILD

TRADE-MARK FOR
UNIVERSAL FILMS

FRED G. COOPER

The intemperate Cooper. Not in his ways, which are exemplary, but in the gamin genre in which he marks white paper. Born an Oregonian, served four years guarding the Golden Gate. Since then a virulent New Yorker. Before 1907 he made tight and noodled drawings; in 1907 he drew broad free show posters in pencil on wood blocks—eureka! *Let's try to loosen up our lettering, said Cooper—and did. (His alphabets here are drawn very tiny and enlarged for the charm of natural accidentals.) He works fast, fast—lays great stress on speed for freshness. His hobby is the calligraphy of the brush-written languages, none of which he speaks conversationally. For years (the years of its glory) he was the decorative 'works' of "Life." He has peopled the earth with his little folks with big heads; he thinks magnificent nonsense—then draws and letters it.*


A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W

B

F G H

L M N

R S T

X Y Z

a

c d e

i j k

o p Q

u v w

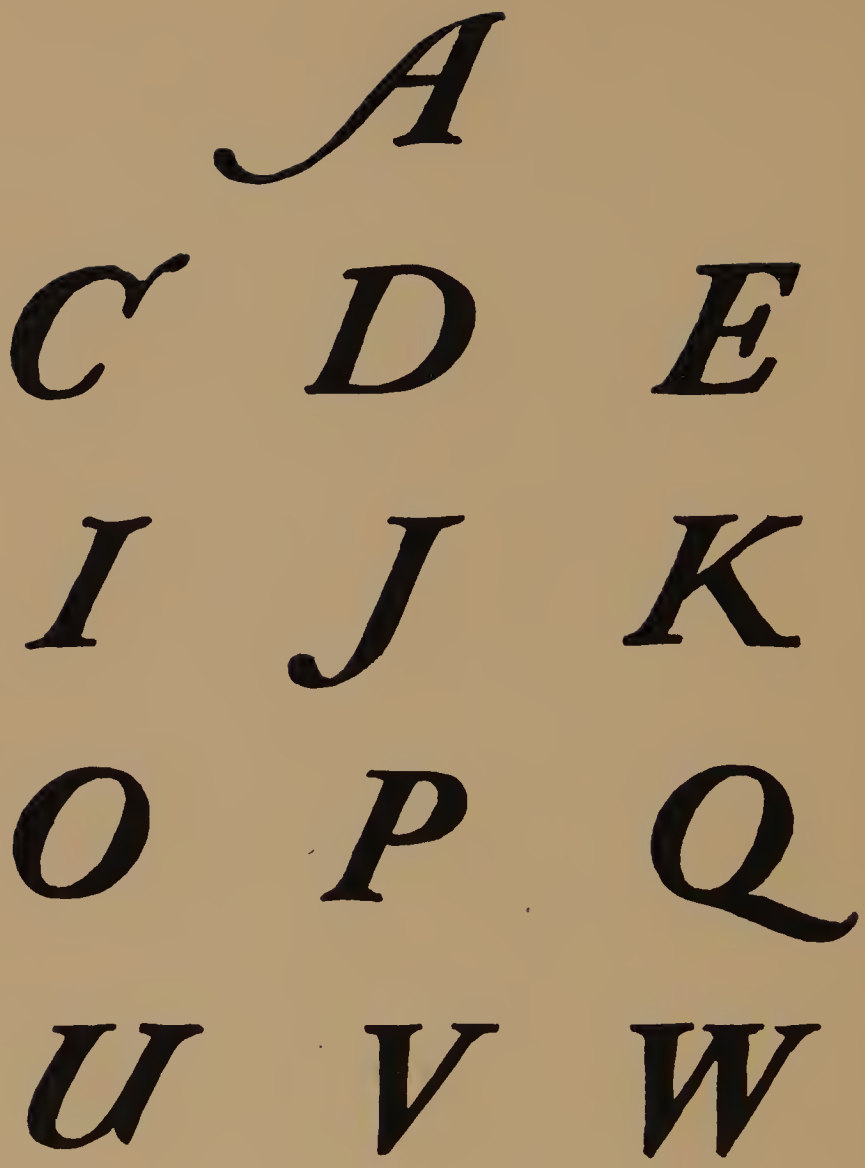
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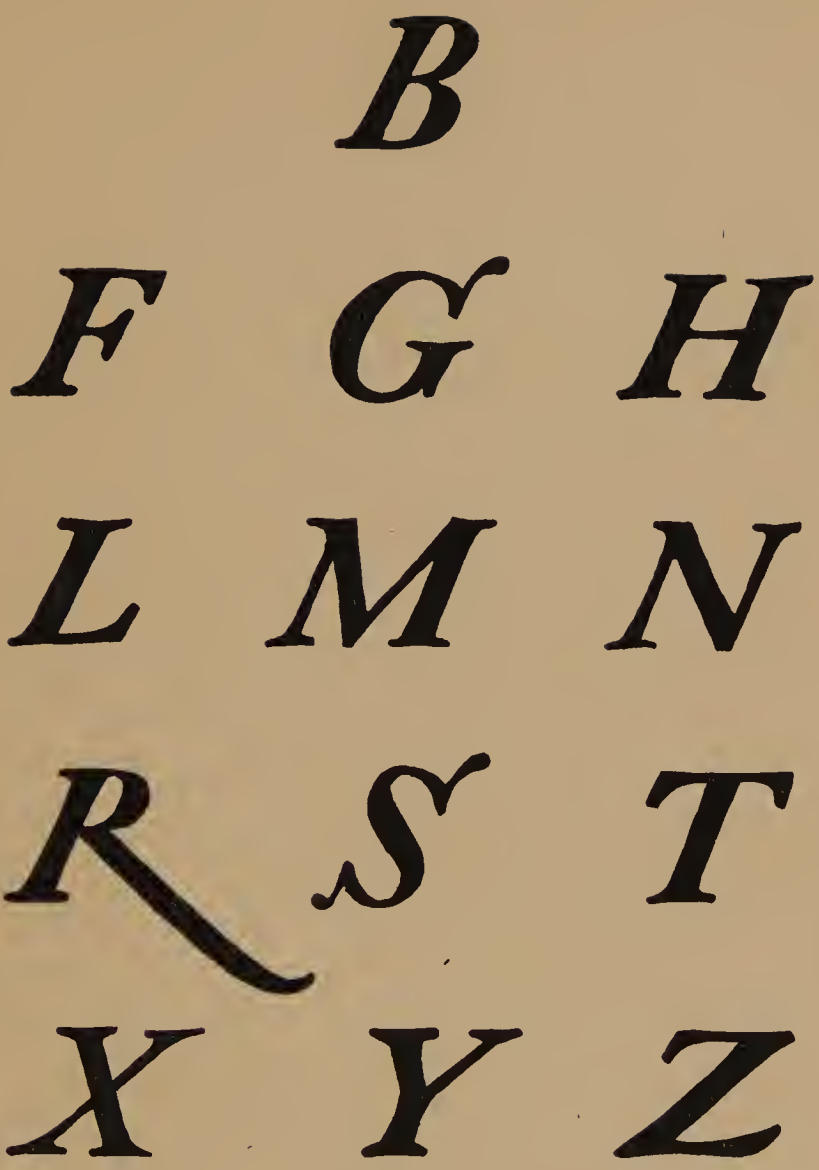
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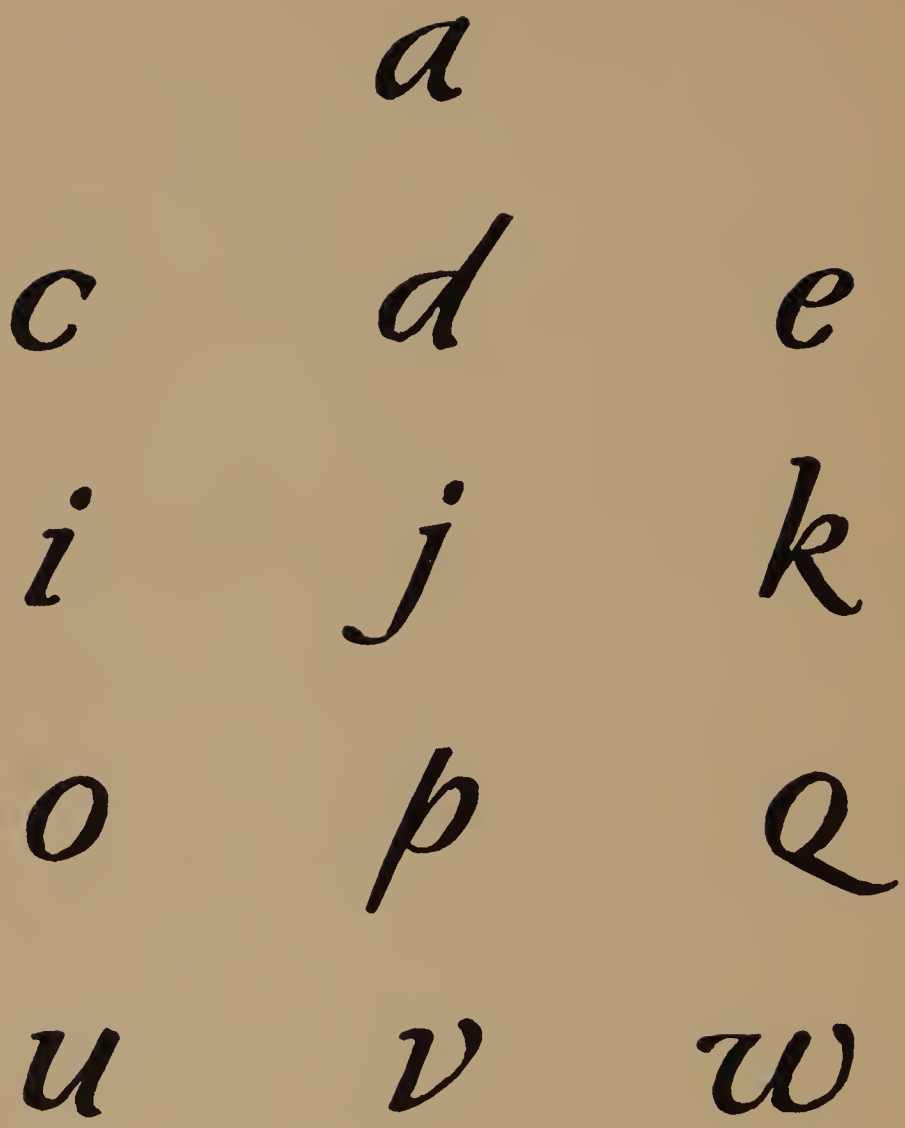
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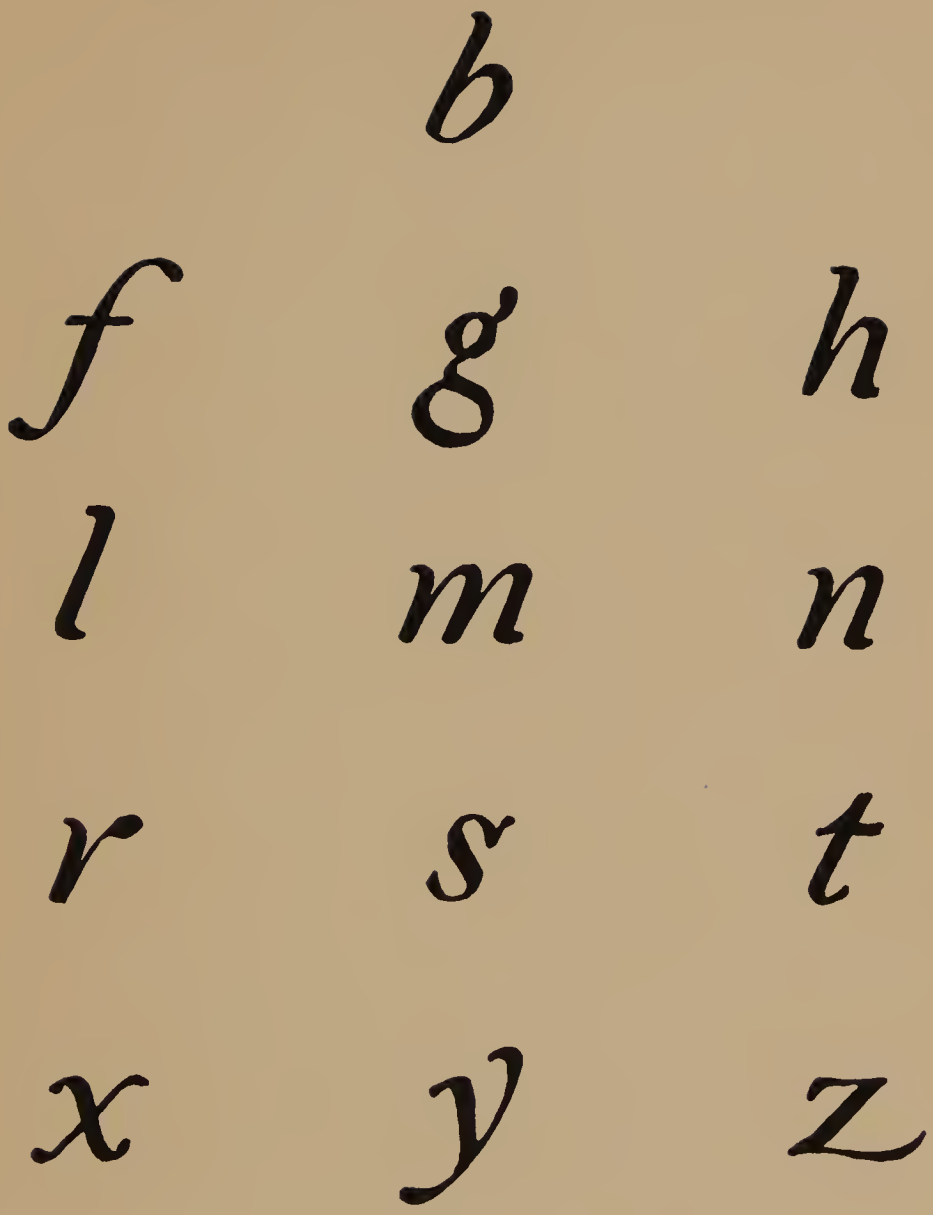
r s t

x y z


A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W


B
F G H
L M N
R S T
X Y Z




b
f g h
l m n
r s t
x y z

Dear *(rhetorically speaking)* Artist:

At the end of your section occurs a page otherwise unprovided for. Fill it. Fill it as you like. Fill it, preferably, with accidentals—

a — FLEURONS?
b — NUMERALS *(of either alphabet)*?
c — TIED LETTERS, AMPERZANDS, *etc.*?
d — CALLIGRAPHIC SCHERZO?
e — GRAVE MATERIAL, GAY MATERIAL, *or* WHAT-HAVE-YOU?

I feel that these pages may prove faintly diverting in the relentless march-past of the A B C's. And I know that you incline to flourishes of spirit which are characteristically yours. I urge them.

P. H.

Dear *(as above)* Paul:—

a

b 1234567890 ~ 1234567890

c æ œ ff fi ffi ffffi Qu ct The &

d كُلّ عام وانتم بخير أحبائكم

e



Respectfully,

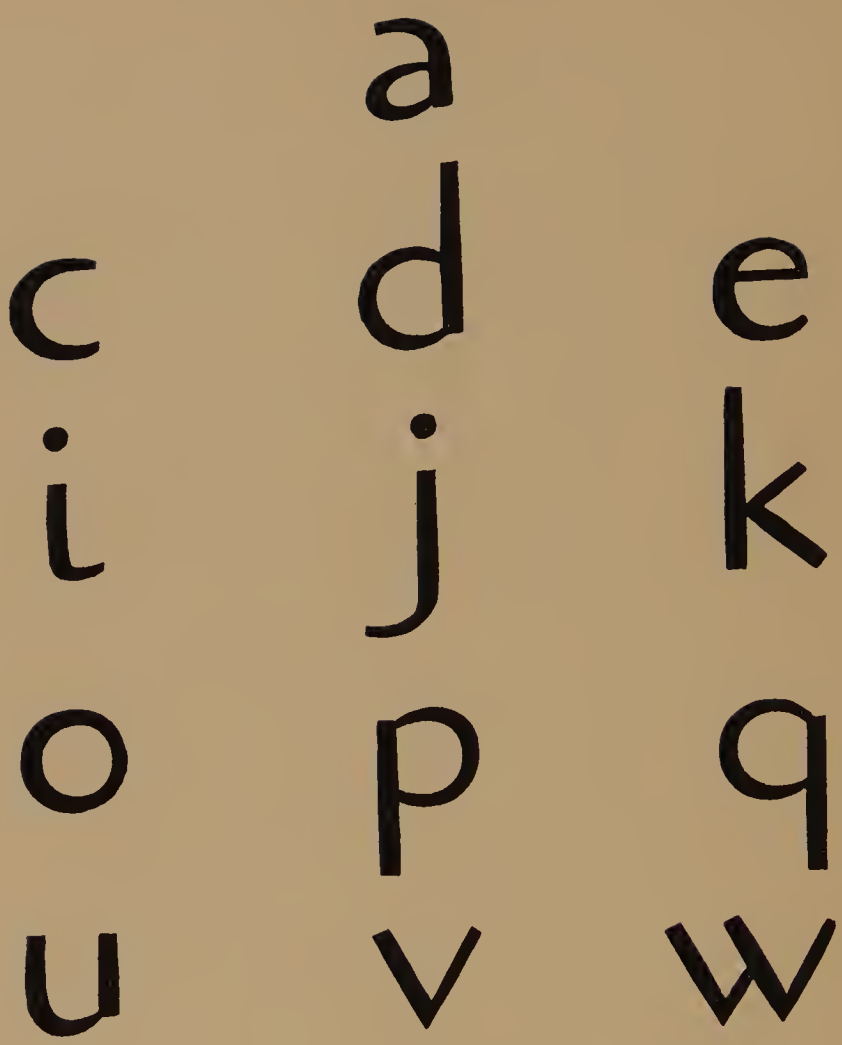
fgc

OSWALD COOPER

He was born in 1879. At sixteen a Kansas printer's devil. At twenty he migrated to Chicago, with much brain-excitement about Will Bradley and William Morris; studied illustration; found that he liked lettering better. At twenty-seven he made a partner of Fred Berstch, who drew ornament and 'had a talent for human relationships'; the partnership endures. Object of enterprise: 'to sweep up crumbs dropped by Goudy in departing from this outpost!' Result of enterprise: a first-rate calligrapher, with a hand of his own—and thus, of course, a type-designer. You know his "Cooper Black" type best. He believes with rare simplicity that a letter is 'good' or 'bad' according to whether it is good or bad, not according to whether it is light or heavy. He carries an umbrella most days; you can't be too sure of Chicago. He thinks solitary and clear; he is a bad 'joiner.' He professes few friends, and would shyly deprecate the fact that he has an army of admirers. He can take his serifs or leave them—temperate Cooper.


A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W


B
F G H
L M N
R S T
X Y Z


a
c d e
i j k
o p q
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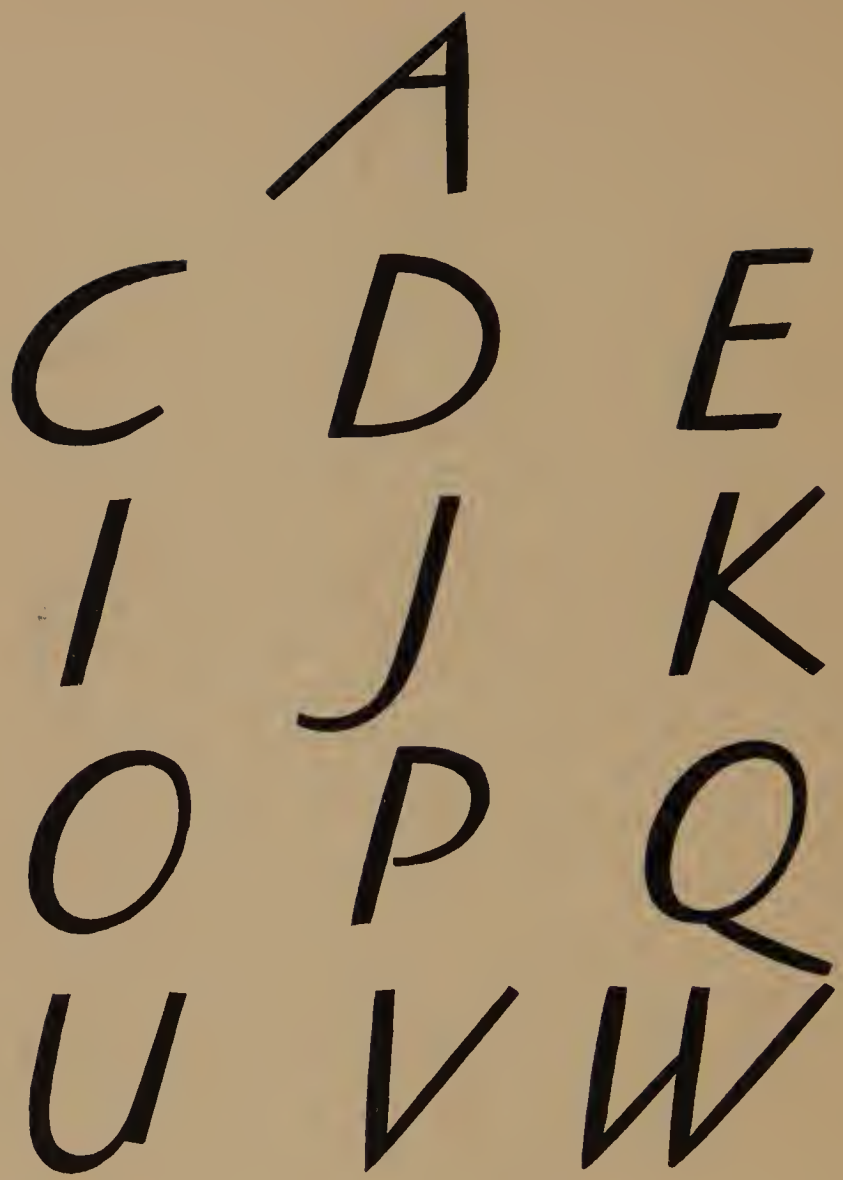
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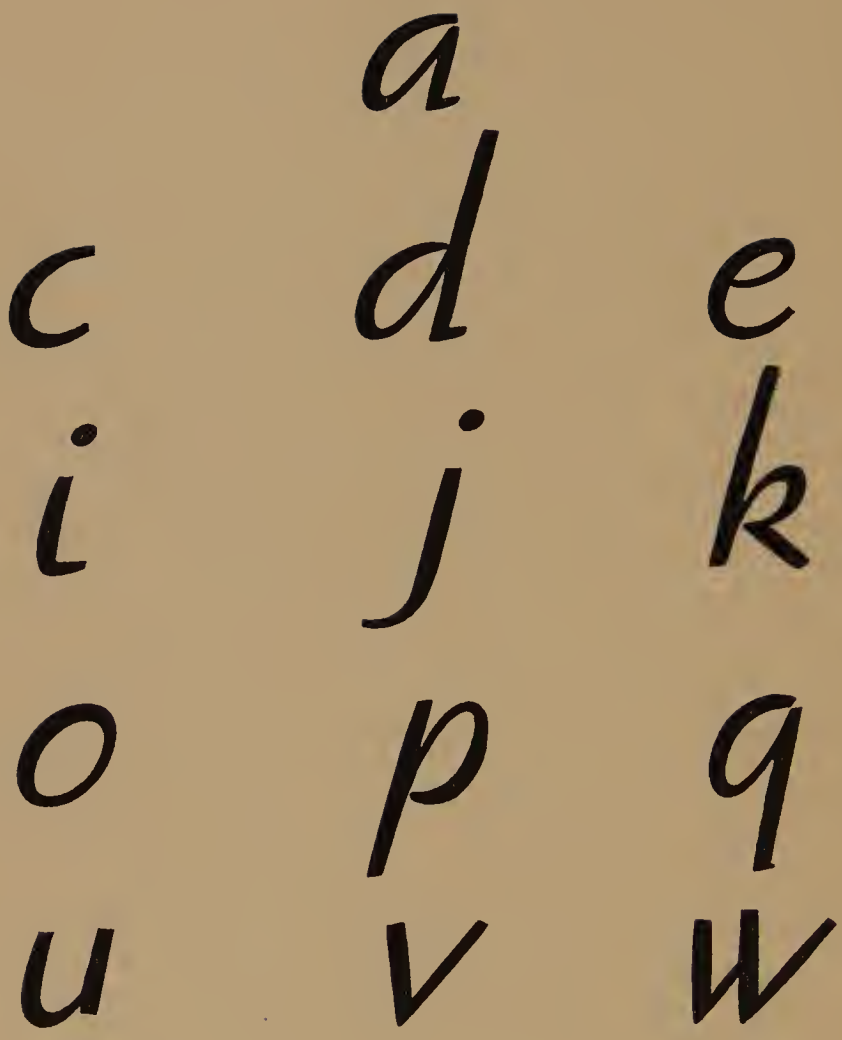
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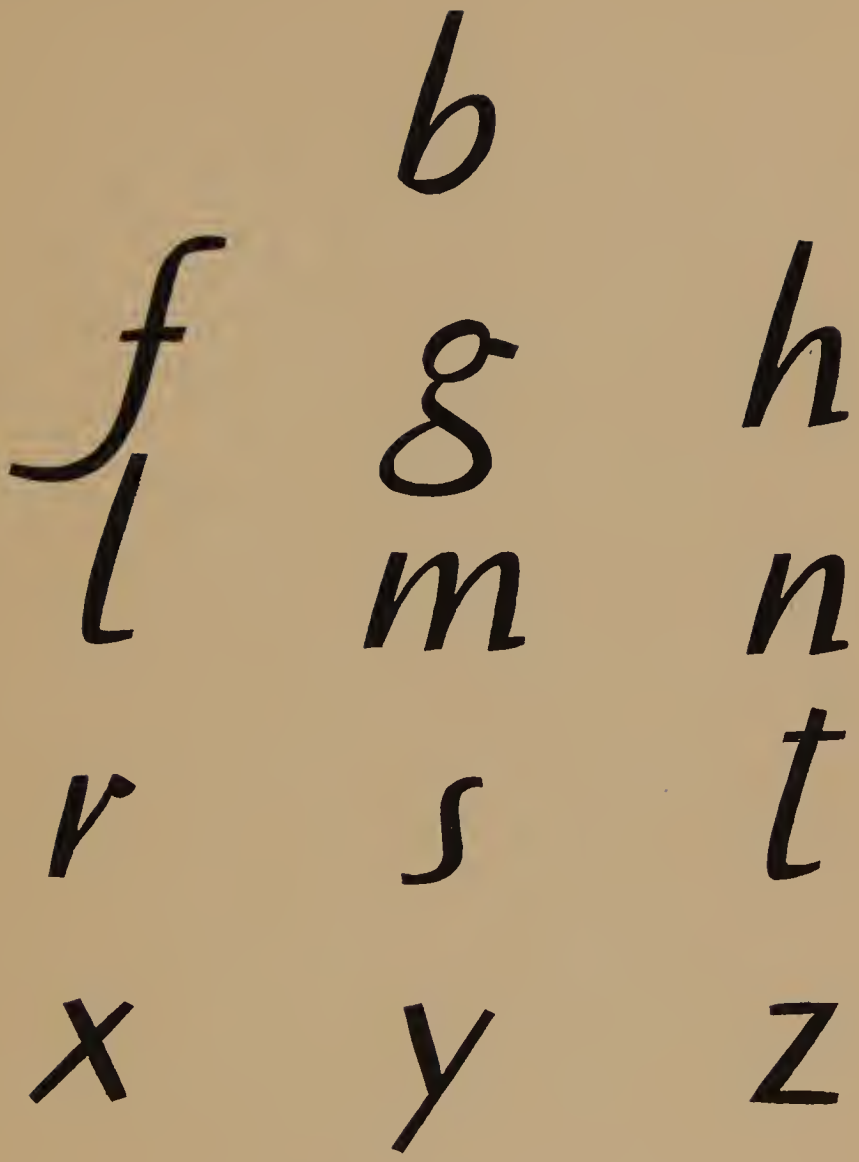
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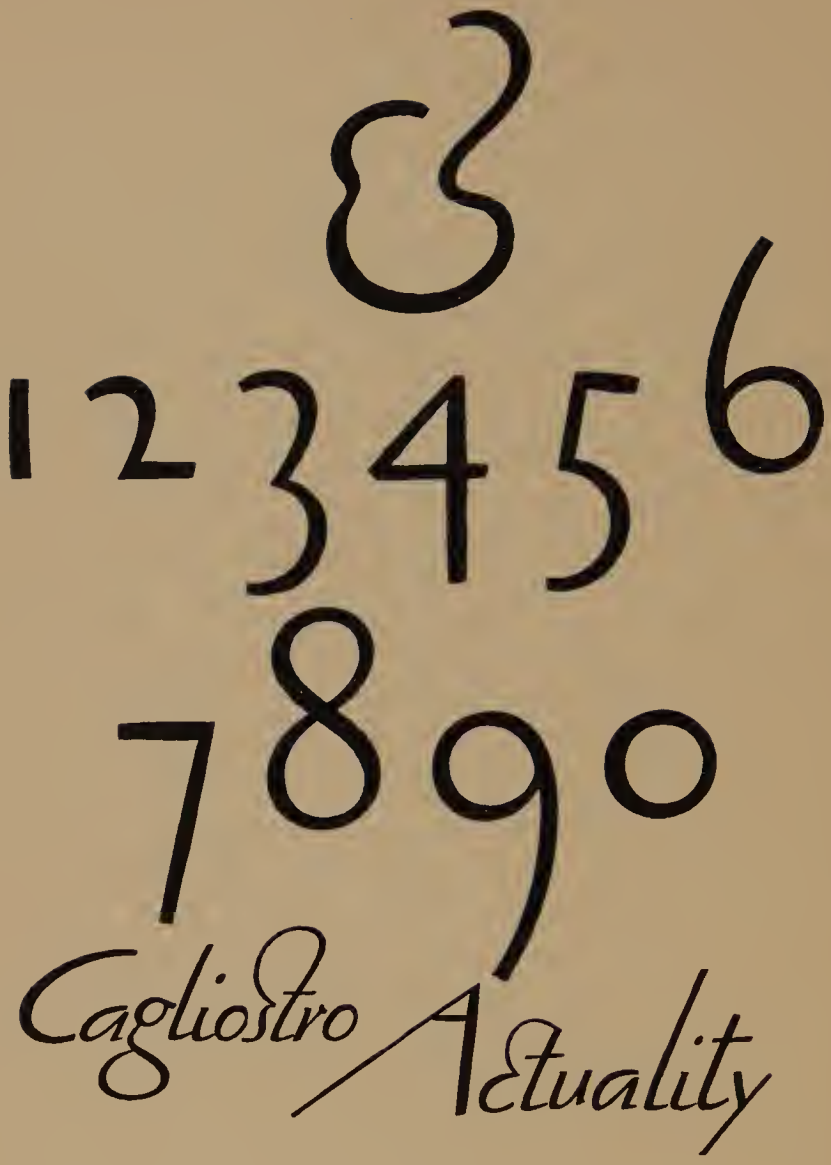
x y z


A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W


B
F G H
L M N
R S T
X Y Z


a
c d e
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o p q
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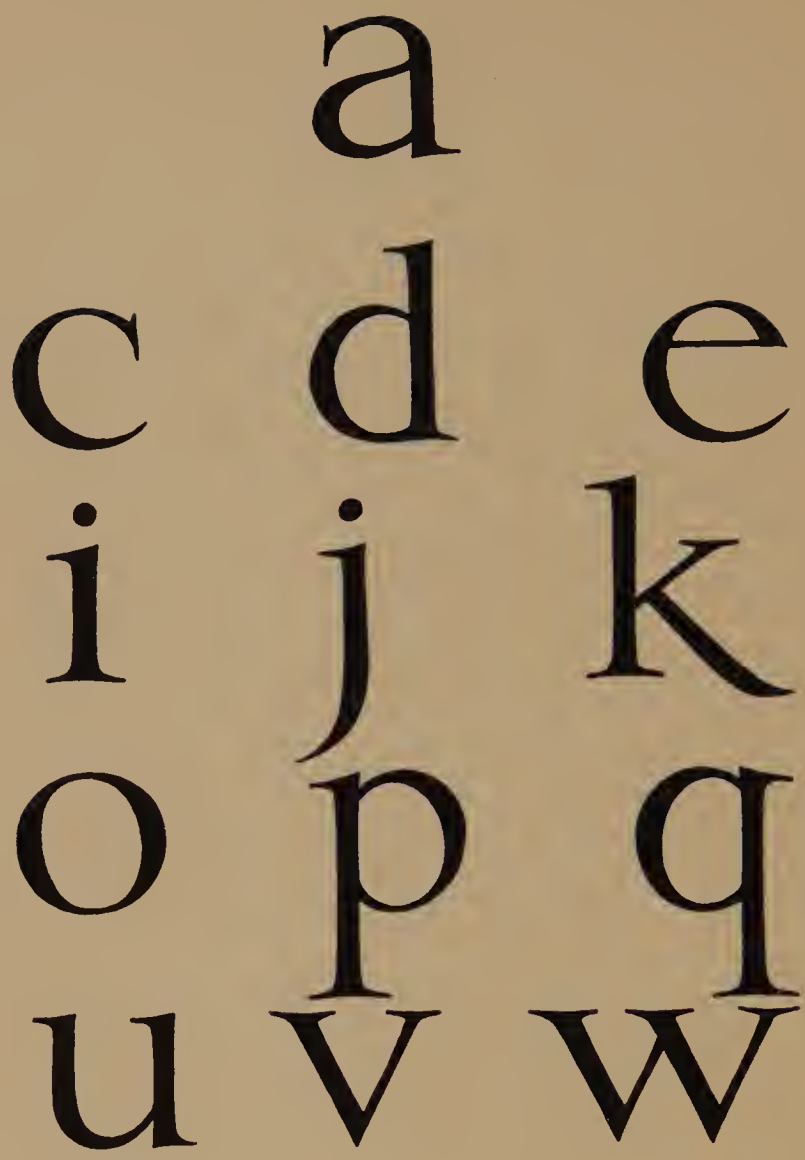

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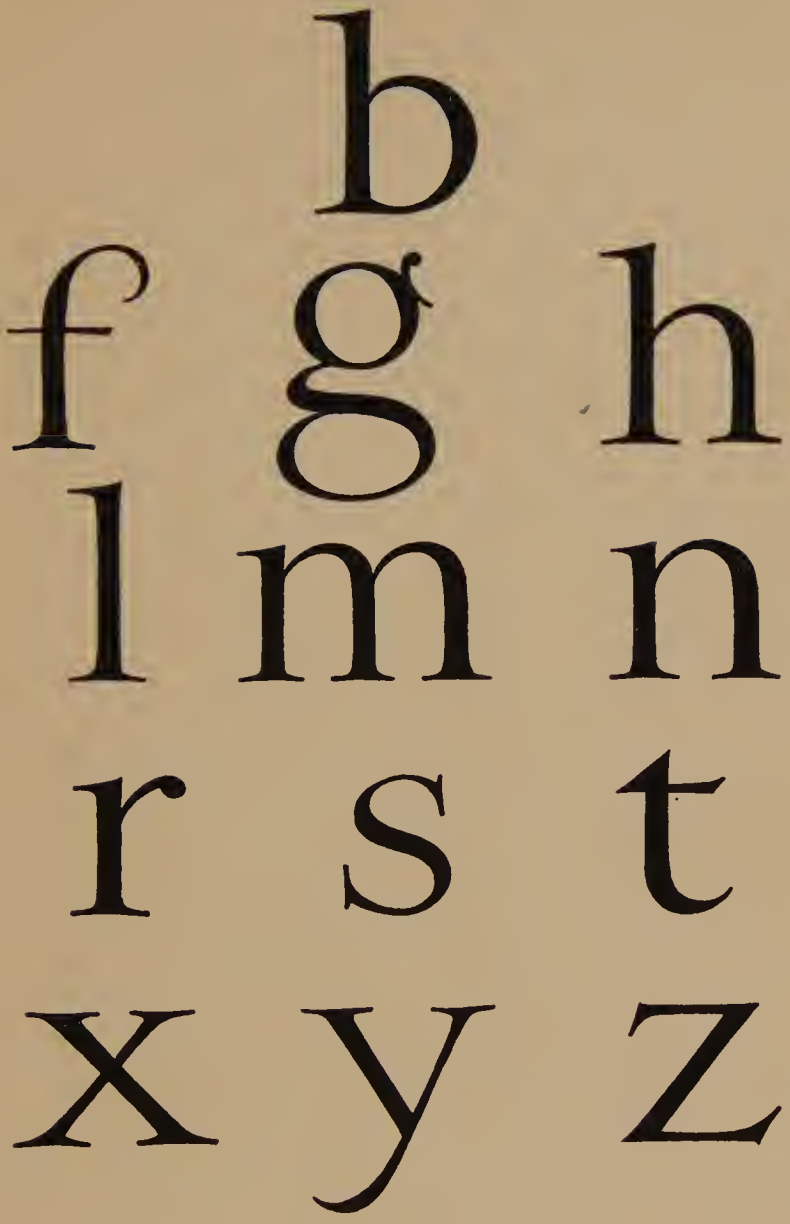
HARVEY HOPKINS DUNN . .

For the best part of the fifty-one years since his birth he has been glorifying the American trade-mark, with excursions into alphabets great and small, into bookplates, into posters, into various matters typographical. If there is a safe-and-sound industrious quality about his alphabets, it may be because he is a native of Philadelphia, was trained there at Ben Franklin's university, and because he sets some store by the fact that he was a pupil of Denman Ross. Most of his work has been in Philadelphia, with some shuttling to and from New York. You will recall the noble Wedgewood profile he did of Lafayette for a car which was not as good as Dunn's drawing; you know his covers for the International Studio. His ample chest is littered with the honors he has won in this competition and that. The drawing of the Dunn is, in a word, neat.


A
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O P Q
U V W

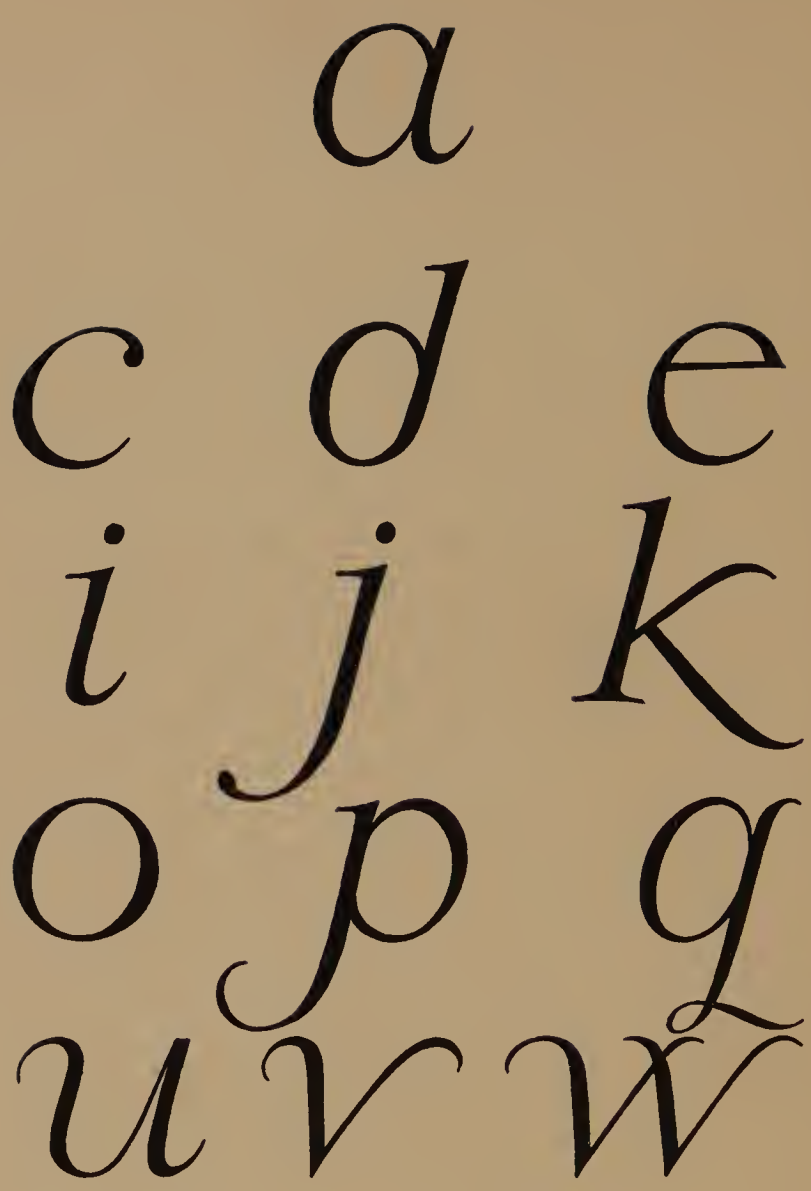

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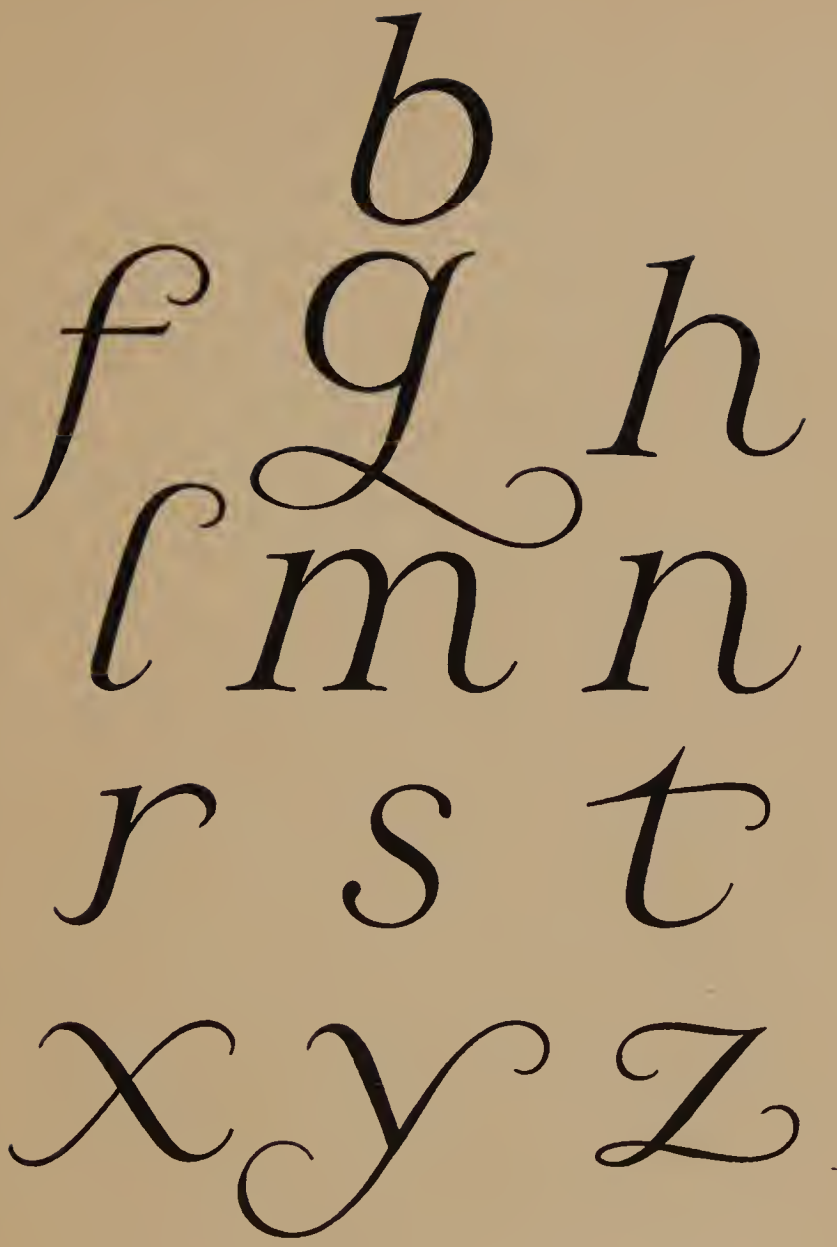

a
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A
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B
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X Y Z









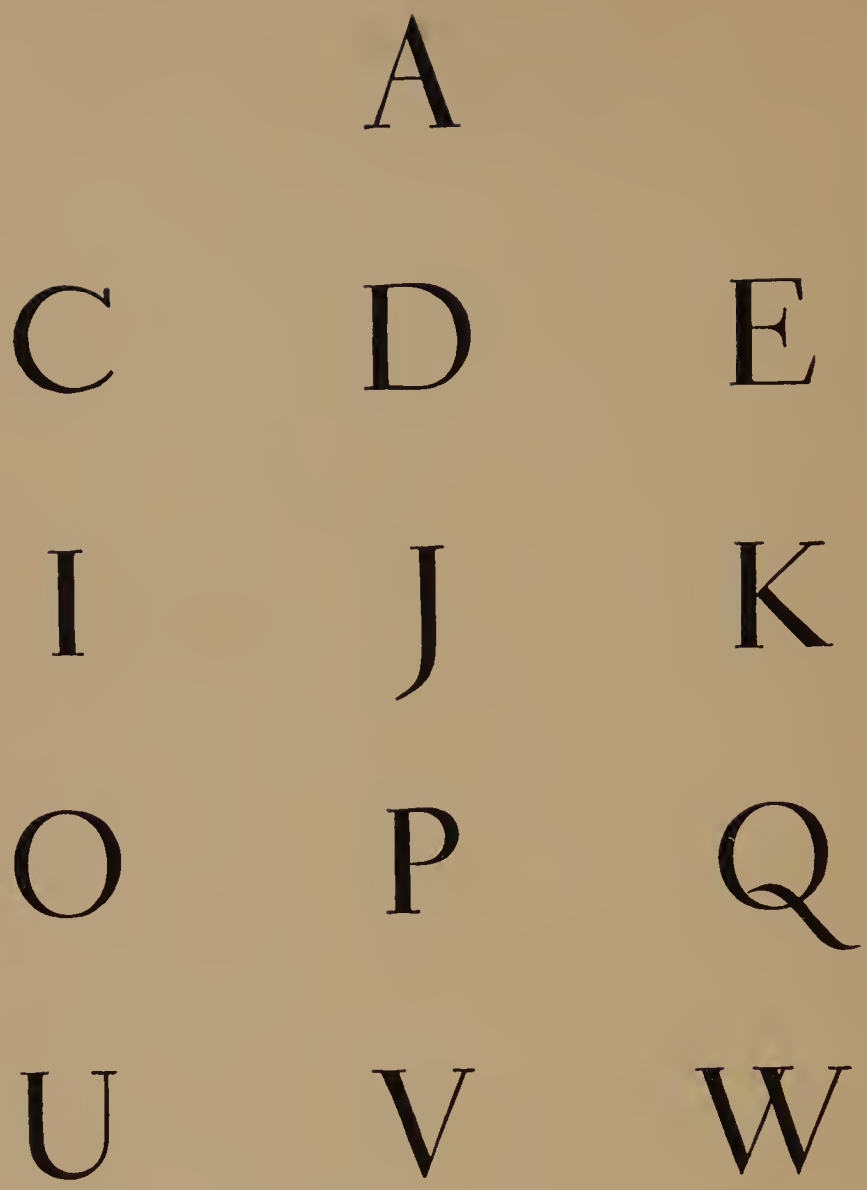

AMERICAN
INSTITUTE
OF
GRAPHIC
ARTS





W. A. DWIGGINS

A doctor's son, born in Martinsville, Ohio, in 1880. Out of Martinsville, Ohio, by way of Richmond, Indiana, Zanesville, Ohio, and Cambridge, Ohio, came to Chicago, Illinois, at nineteen an Art Student, to hearken to Holme, McCutcheon, Leyendecker—and to serve as Goudy's dog-robber. In five years he dared Boston; has it almost licked today. As free lance artist, he put in rigorous service in advertising; in 1928 eschewed it, and is today probably our foremost book-designer, and our hardly-second calligrapher. New clothes for old magazines his specialty. Founder of the apocryphal "Society of Calligraphers" under nom-de-plume of Hermann Püterschein; thorn in flesh of all book-publishers for ten years, and now the spear-head of their lance. Winner of medals. Ferocious creator, mild companion. Writer of exquisitely lucid essays and of "Layout in Advertising." His likes? "Like to design type. Like to jiggle type around and see what comes out. Like to design ornament. . . . Like paper. Like ink on paper. Like bright colors. Handicapped by clock and calendar. . . . Twenty-four-hour day not long enough. Must work for a reform in the time system now used. Campaign against time only form of crusading. Otherwise not much of a partisan or evangelist." (Just a genius who makes new music with letters.)


A
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I J K
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U V W

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L M N

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X Y Z

a

c d e

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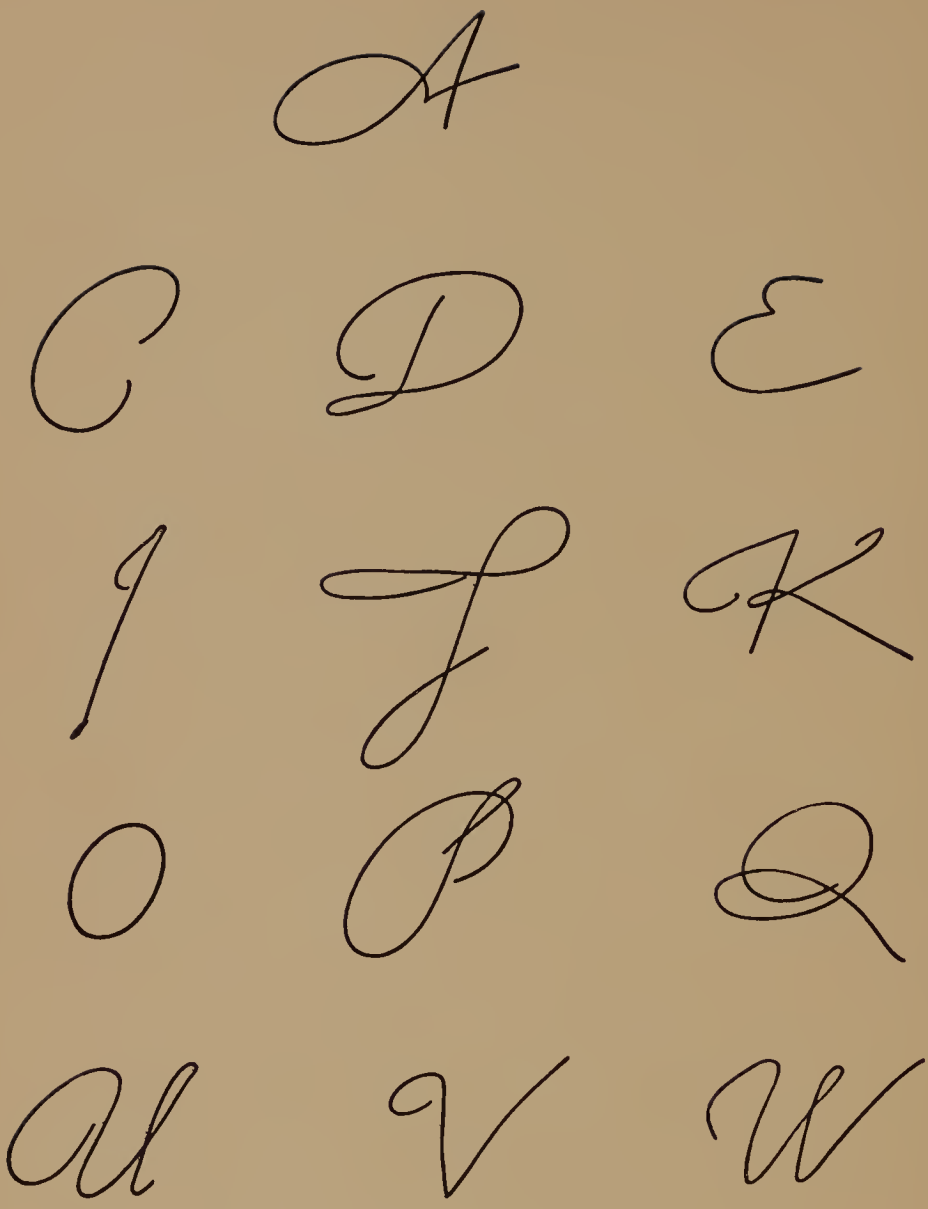
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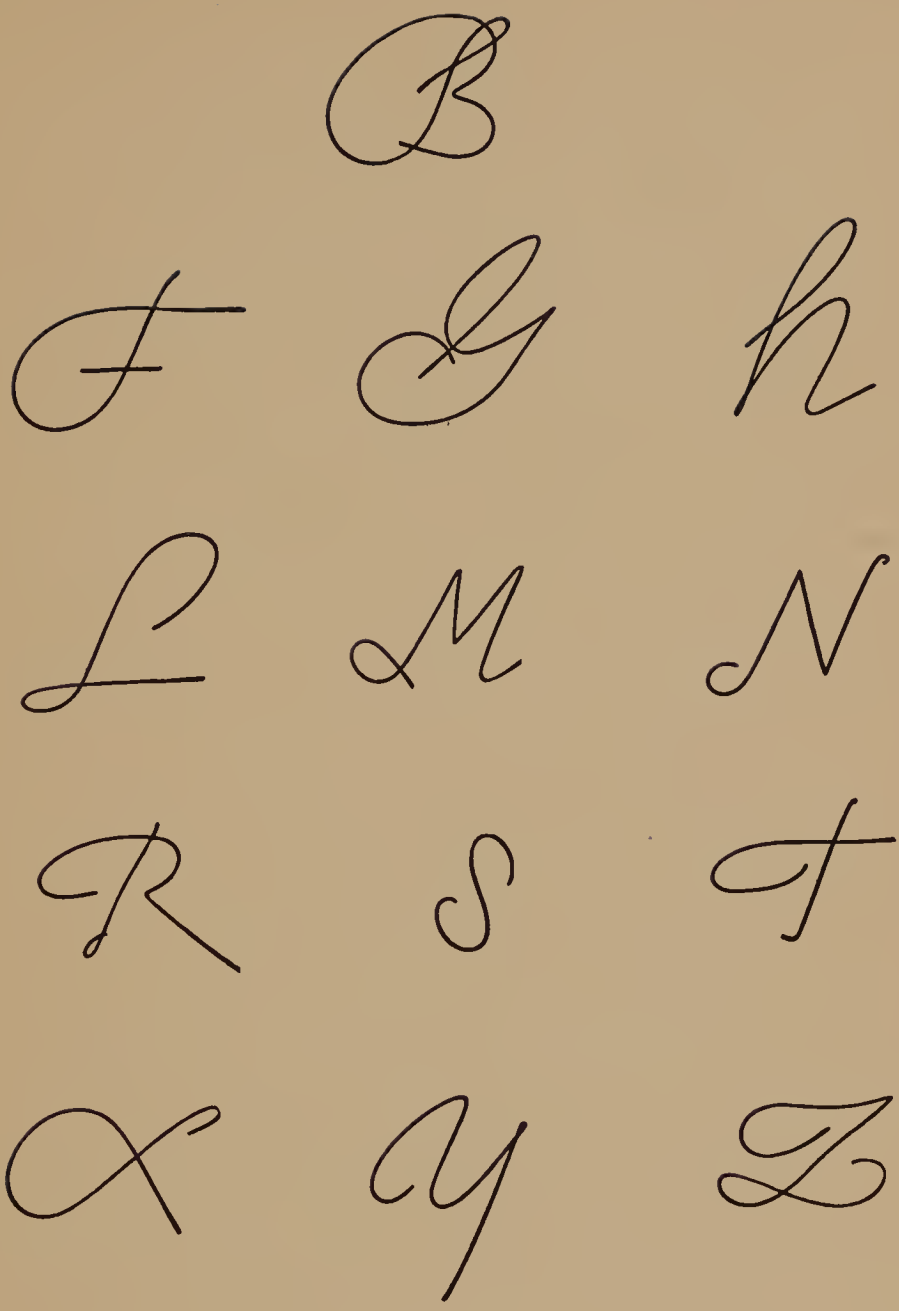
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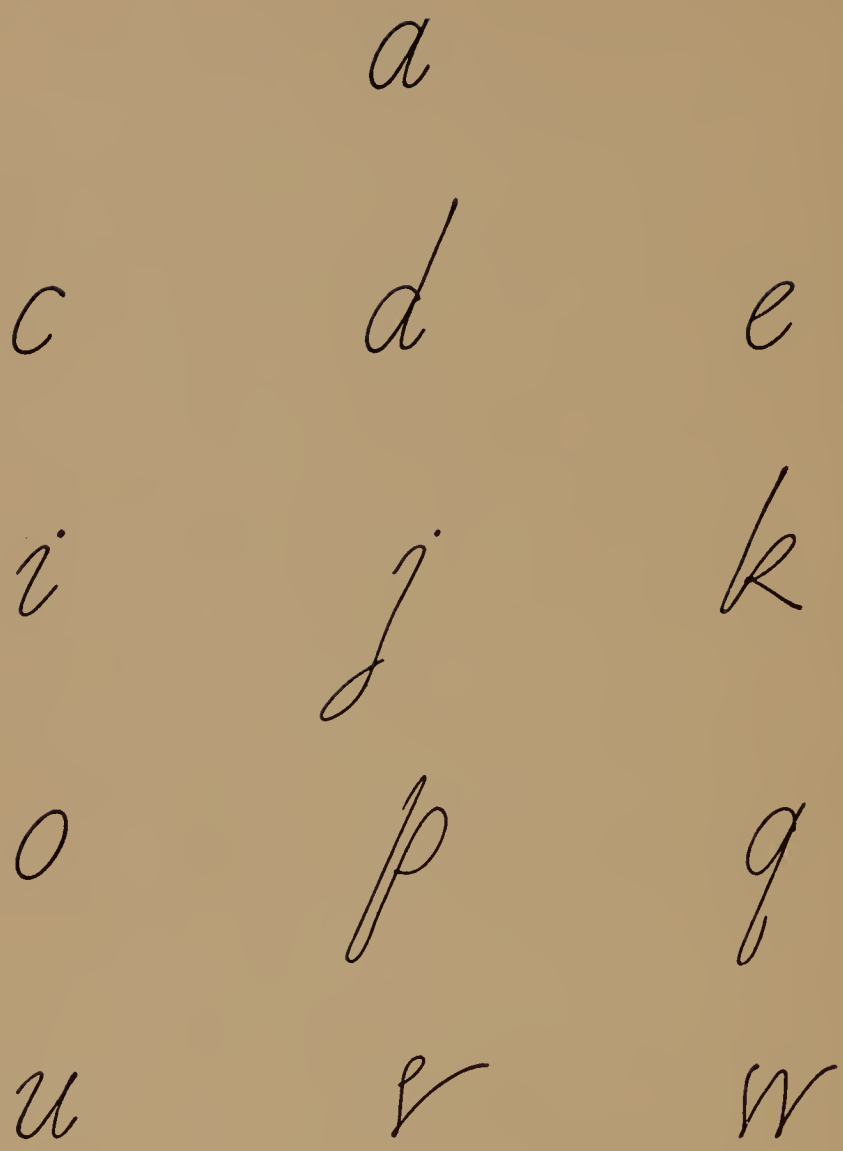
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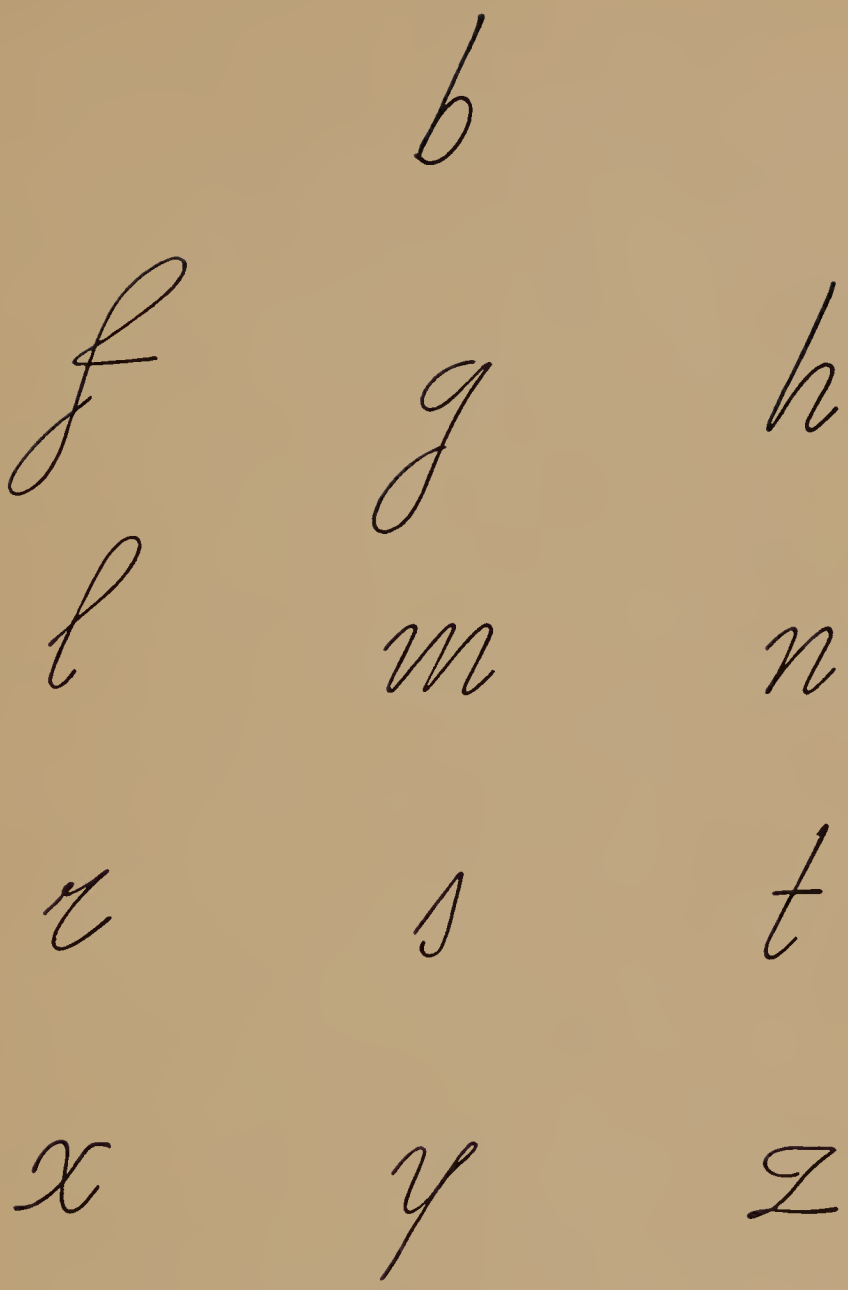
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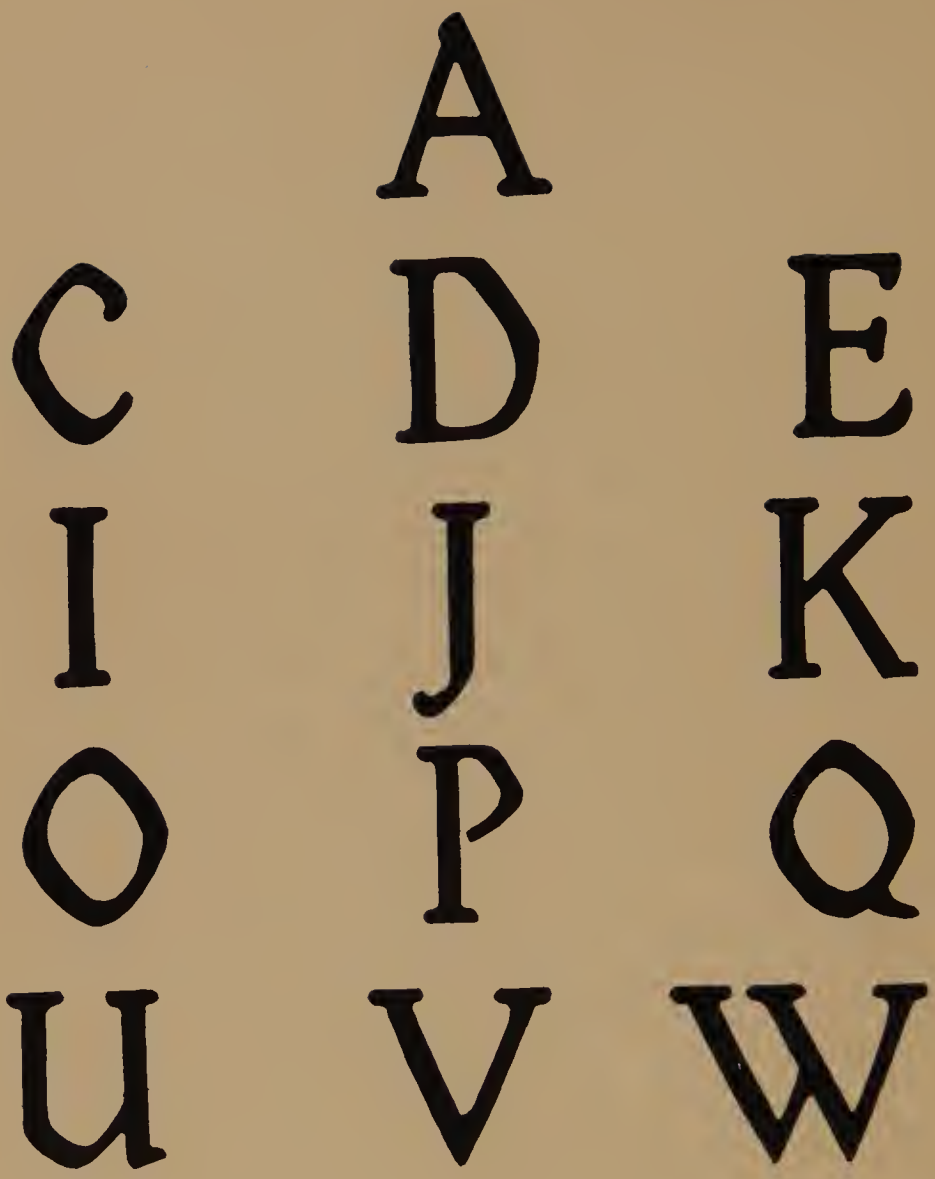


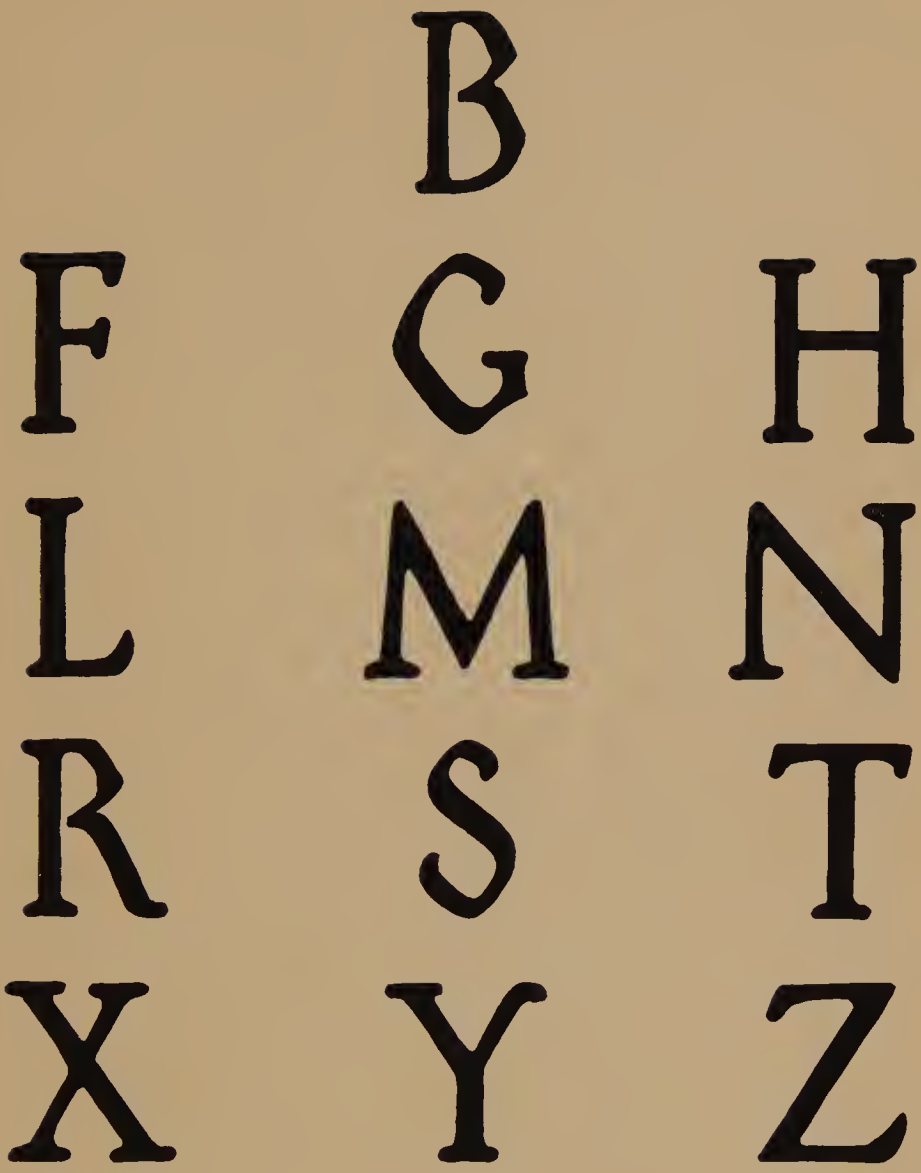


IN PAPER

FRED S. FOSTER

In Port Huron he did a lot of drawing in the fly-leaves of his Wentworth's Arithmetic, purposing to be a cartoonist. Local publication of his drawings filled him with such excess of ambition that he went to art school in Chicago and decided not to be a cartoonist. As staff artist for a printer there he developed a firm and profound genius for decorative detail and for letters. Almost everything good that the famous trinity of Hart and Schaffner and Marx ever printed was Fred Foster's. Is, and d.v. shall be. He even designs their new stores. How his rich conception of the sort of decorative drawing that we think of as mid-European was distilled into a Port Huron boy working in Chicago, and how it there became a distinct American essence, is a chemical and geographical mystery not to be analyzed here. He is young, modest, companionable. He will bear some watching.


A
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I J K
O P Q
U V W


B
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R S T
X Y Z

a

c d e

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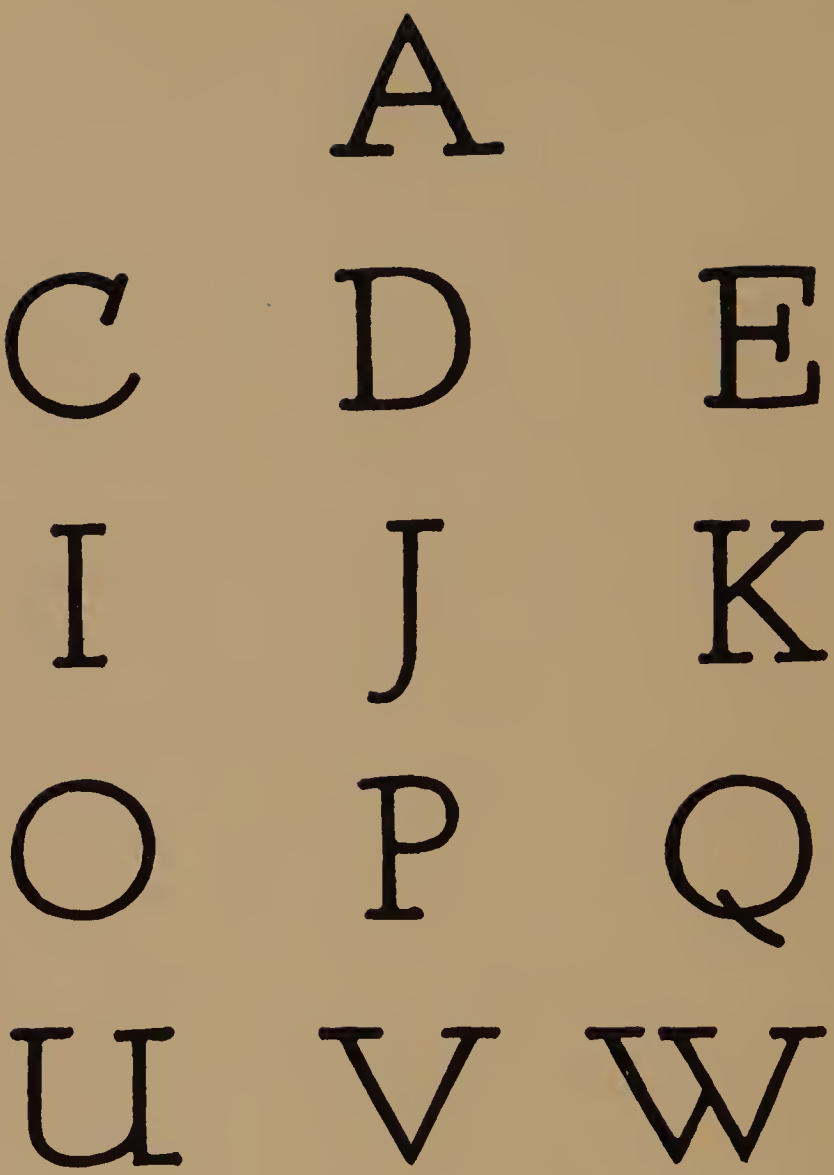
b

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l m n

r s t

x y z


A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W

B

F G H

L M N

R S T

X Y Z

a

c d e

i j k

o p q

u v w

b

f g h

l m n

r s t

x y z



1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9 0

FREDERIC W. GOUDY

Goudy the Roman. Born in Illinois the year of Appomattox. He cut out 3,000 paper letters for a motto to paste around the walls of the Sunday School and never got over it. They tried to make a preacher of him; he dodged; became a book-keeper. One day in Chicago he was exposed to Will Bradley, and bought a press. Set advertisements for various venturesome houses; then tried setting a book. A whole book. *Presently he was The Village Press, with ideals and starvation trade. In 1904 he took a medal, and moved the press to Hingham; then to New York. Meanwhile, when type suited him not, he made new type. Mitchell Kennerley commissioned him to design a new book-face; it was "Kennerley"—and out of the woods into the light came Frederic and brave Bertha Goudy. He has designed seventy-five type faces or more—he massaged the Roman forum for his "Forum" capitals. Now he sits at Marlborough, up back of New York, and designs and cuts (with one good eye) better types for The Village Press and the world, than most men could conceive with the help of Argus. "I'm not an artist, you know," says Goudy. "I'm a mechanic." No man's name reads more legibly on the record of American alphabets than his. And of course there is no more thorough-going artist. There is giant Goudy—on the back of a postage-stamp.*



Aa Bb

Cc Dd Ee

Ff Gg Hh

Ii Jj Kk

Ll Mm Nn


Oo Pp

Qq Rr Ss

Tt Uu Vv

Ww Xx Yy

Zz &ct 

Aa Bb Cc

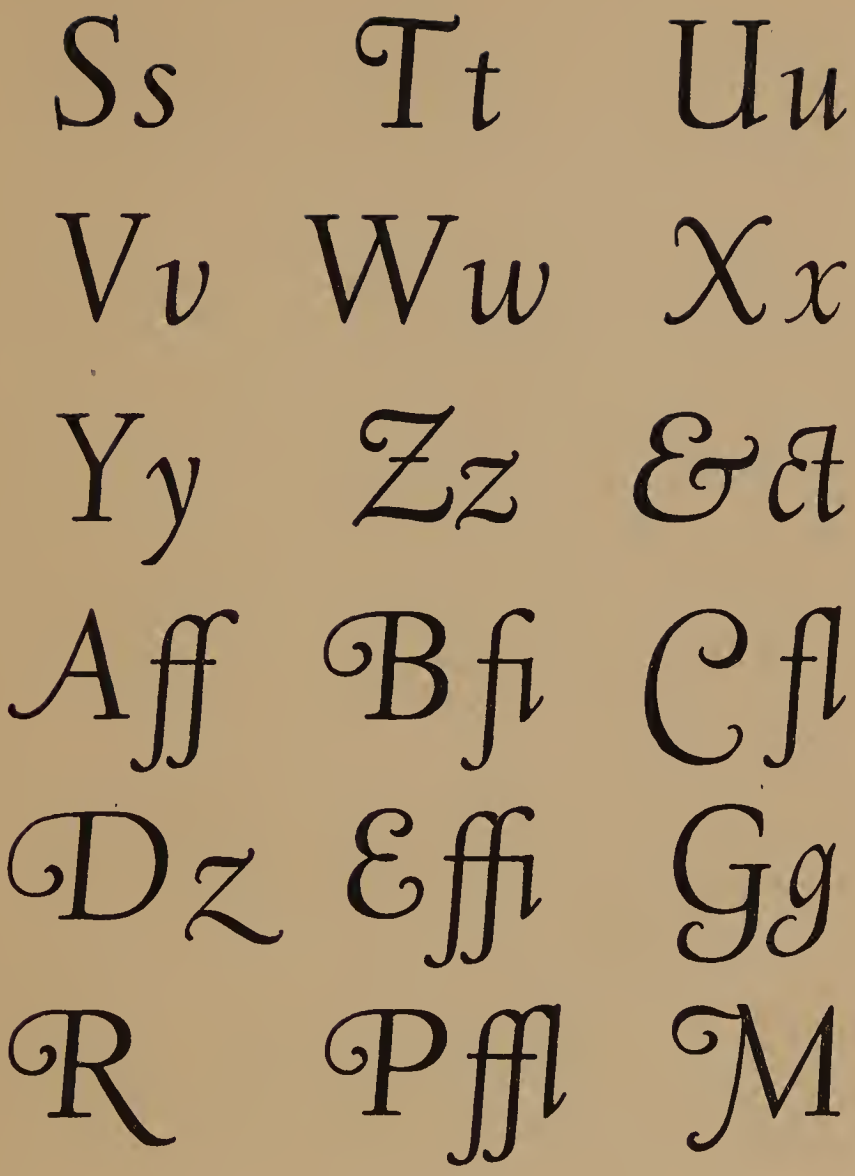
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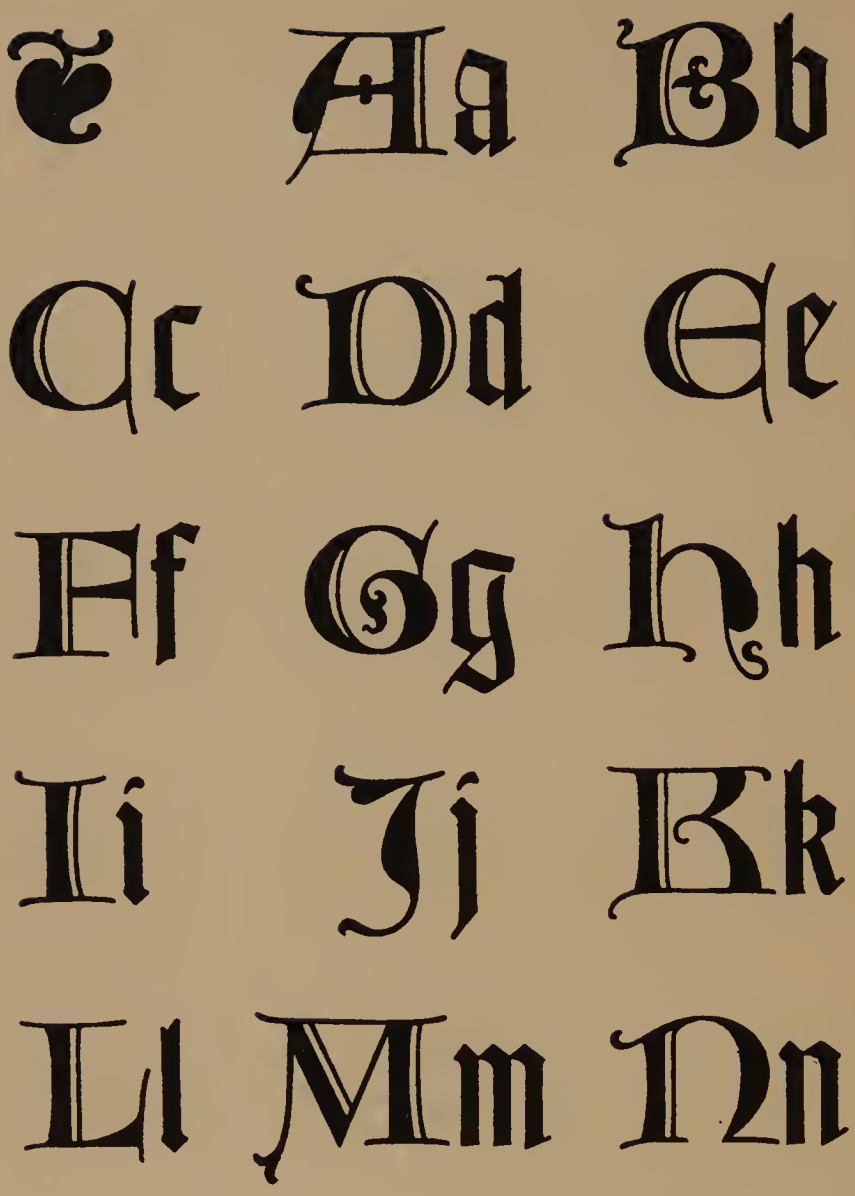
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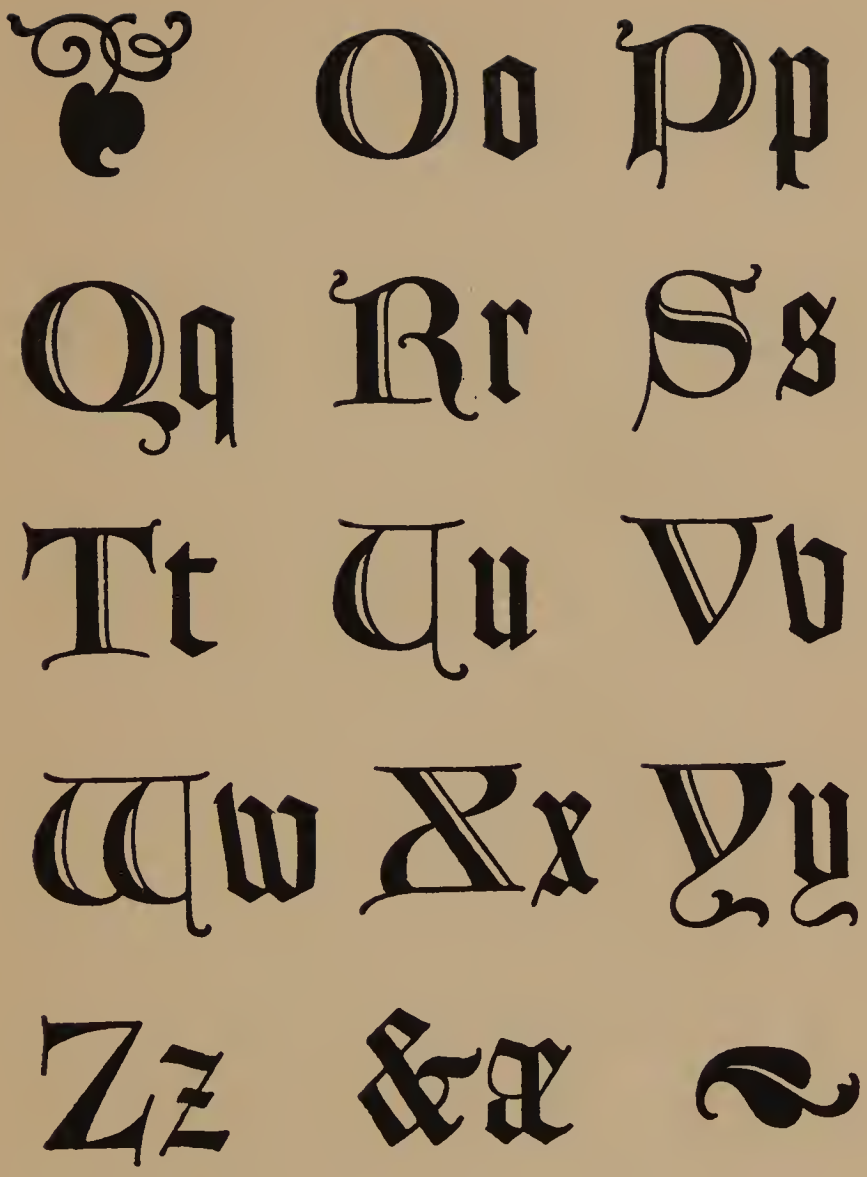
Jj Kk Ll

Nn Mm Oo

Pp Qq Rr


Ss Tt Uu
Vv Ww Xx
Yy Zz &
Aff Bfi Cfl
Dz Effi Gg
R Pffl M


Aa Bb
Cc Dd Ee
Ff Gg Hh
Ii Jj Kk
Ll Mm Nn


Oo Pp
Qq Rr Ss
Tt Uu Vv
Ww Xx Yy
Zz &



GUSTAV JENSEN.

His father, of farmer stock, became a scholar, lawyer, banker. His mother was of a long line of ministers. Before twenty he had been a schoolboy, college student, art student (for grand total of six months), mason (fell five stories and lived), architectural draftsman, signpainter, trunk-marker (in one year held twelve jobs). Then in 1918 he left his beloved Copenhagen to challenge New York. What . . . said New York . . . this six foot Dane-basso design those grapevine delicacies? How odd . . . said New York—and by the immutable laws of supply and demand, made him an eminent designer, not only of letters and borders, but of perfumery bottles and boxes and telephones. Before he brought in the finals of the alphabets here, he made (by safe estimate) 99,422 preliminary alphabets, none of which quite pleased him. He is a very thorough workman, and likes to sing hymns. ". . . anything in the world pertains to design, and there could never be designers enough in this world."

ZODIAC LEONIDAS

MICHELAGNIOLOB

ROMAN QUOSQUE

KAREN ARABIQUE R

WOLFGANG POEM

SCHUBERT MAXINE

SYLVIA JOYCE ARAK

QUEENS MODERN

SCIPIO HERODOTUS

QUEENS MODERN

arabesque maxine cicero

sylvia joyce endicott eriks

marion jablonny queenb

modern historical artistic

exotic wax ararat wools

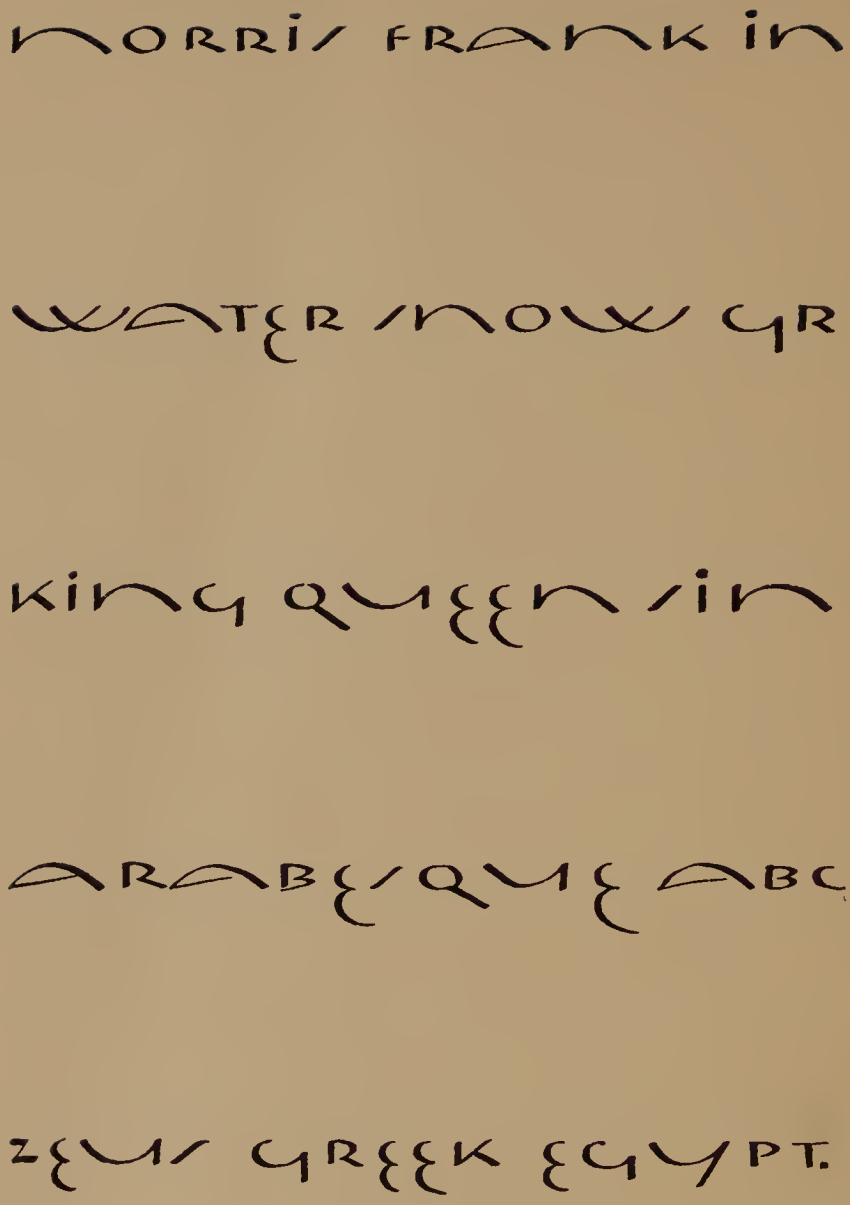
shɛba zɛro holland dutsch

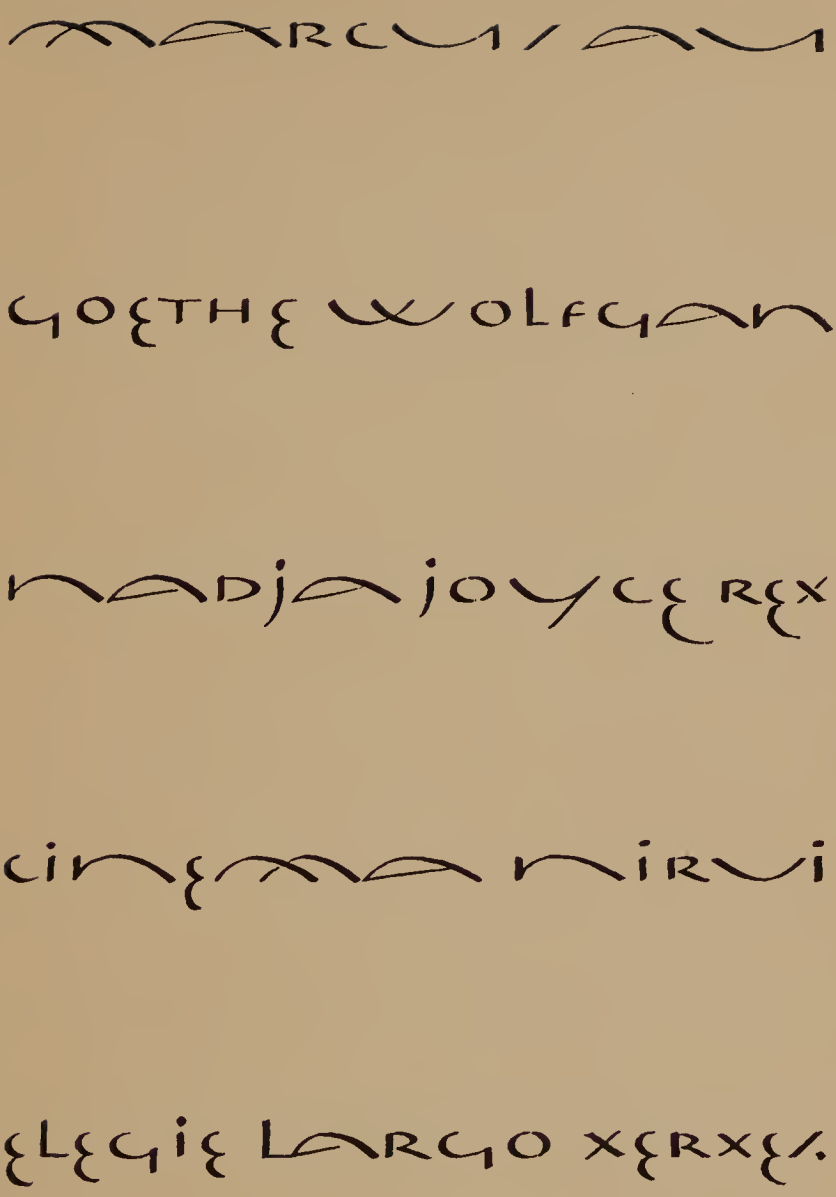
baroqus jɛricho artisan rɛ

cinɛmatographic antony

grotɛsqus hɛrati amkaris

ɛxotiqus ɛvɛning blus qui


NORRIS FRANK IN
WATER SNOW GR
KING QUEEN SIN
ARABESQUE ABC
ZEUS GREEK EGYPT.


MARCUS AU
GOETHE WOLFGAN
NADJA JOYCE REX
CINEMA NIRVI
ELEGIE LARGO XERXES.

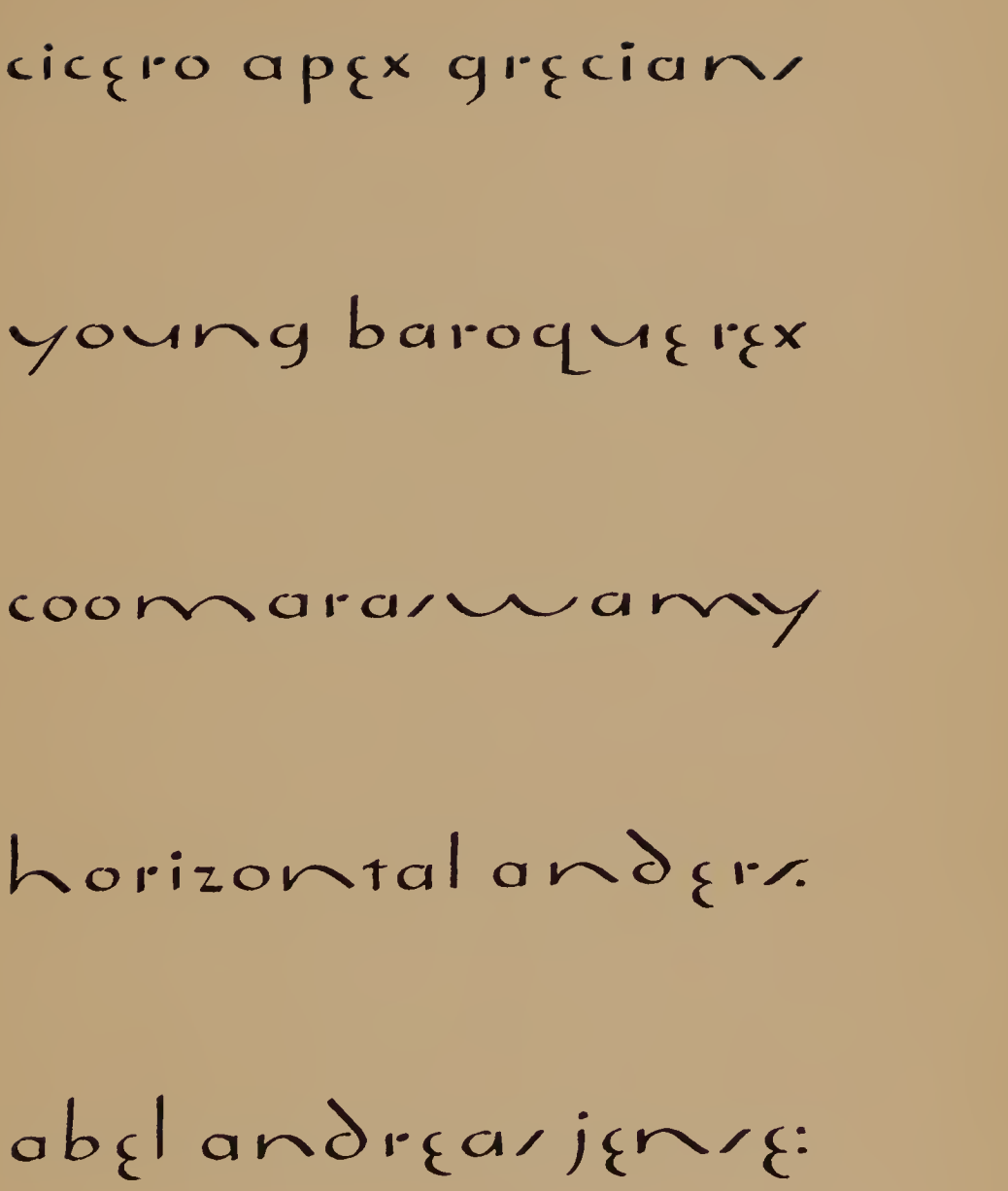
abalone california

water cinemat

nebulae napolex

zoroaster quorque :

scipio wax arabica


cicero apex grecians
young baroque rex
coomaraswamy
horizontal anders:
abel andreas jensen:

GUSTAV JENSEN

DESIGNER·N.Y.

GUSTAV JENSEN

DESIGNER·N.Y.

GUIDO AND LAWRENCE ROSA

Guido was born in 1890; Lawrence in 1894. Lawrence, alas, died last year. Guido contributes to this volume two alphabets which were the last product of the inseparable brothers. They are New Jerseymen, trained at the League, and at the National Academy of Design, and polished off by Edoardo Berta in Lugano in Switzerland. Their father was an ecclesiastical decorator, and so was their grandfather, and so was his father, and with three generations of tradition and training and decorative feeling pressing them forward, it is not extraordinary that their work has had a pious freshness, a choral music and a floral fragrance. In their innumerable graceful letters, and in their prim, dainty historical decorations in the Woman's Home Companion, *and in their drawings for Steinway and Rolls-Royce and the telephone, they have exercised a powerful stimulus upon our national respect for the pen. They have been widely and despairingly imitated, but not duplicated. Guido carries on.*

A

C D E

I J K

O P Q

U V W

B

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L M N

R S T

X Y Z

a

c d e

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b

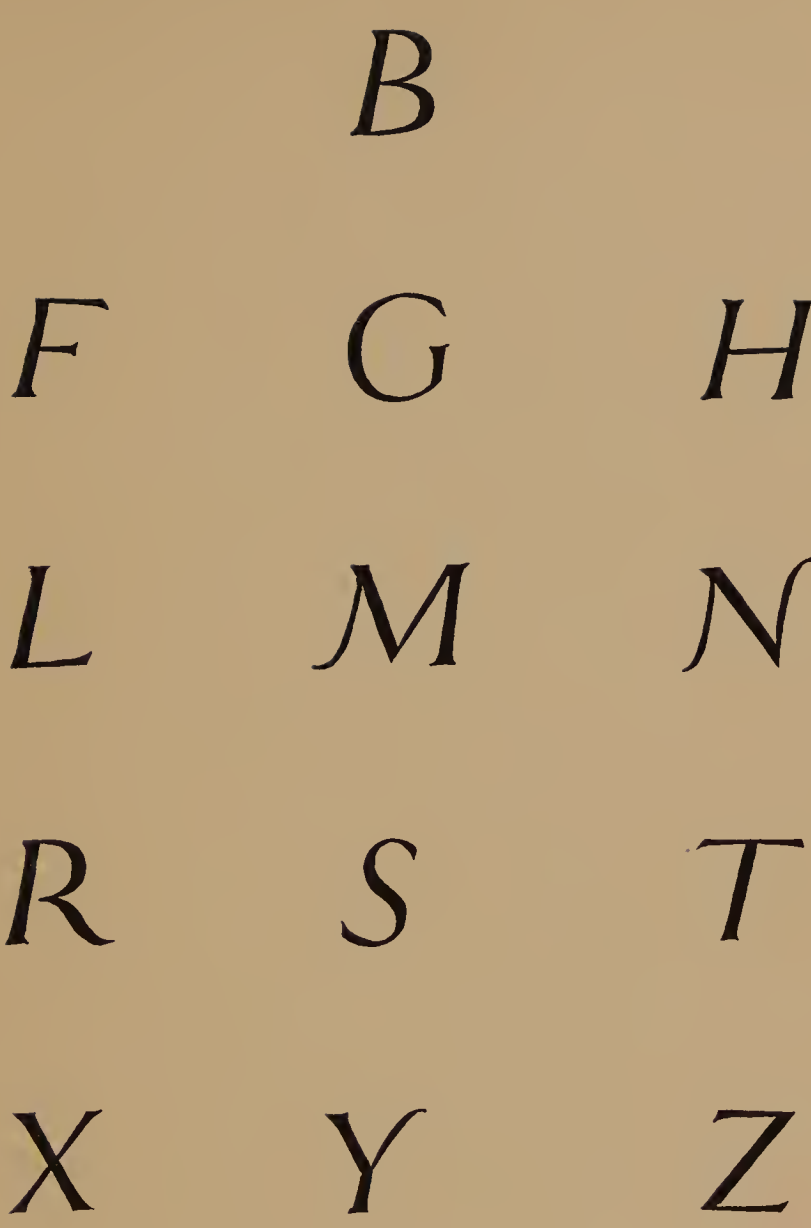
f g h

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A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W


B
F G H
L M N
R S T
X Y Z

a

c *d* *e*

i *j* *k*

o *p* *q*

u *v* *w*

b

f *g* *h*

l *m* *n*

r *s* *t*

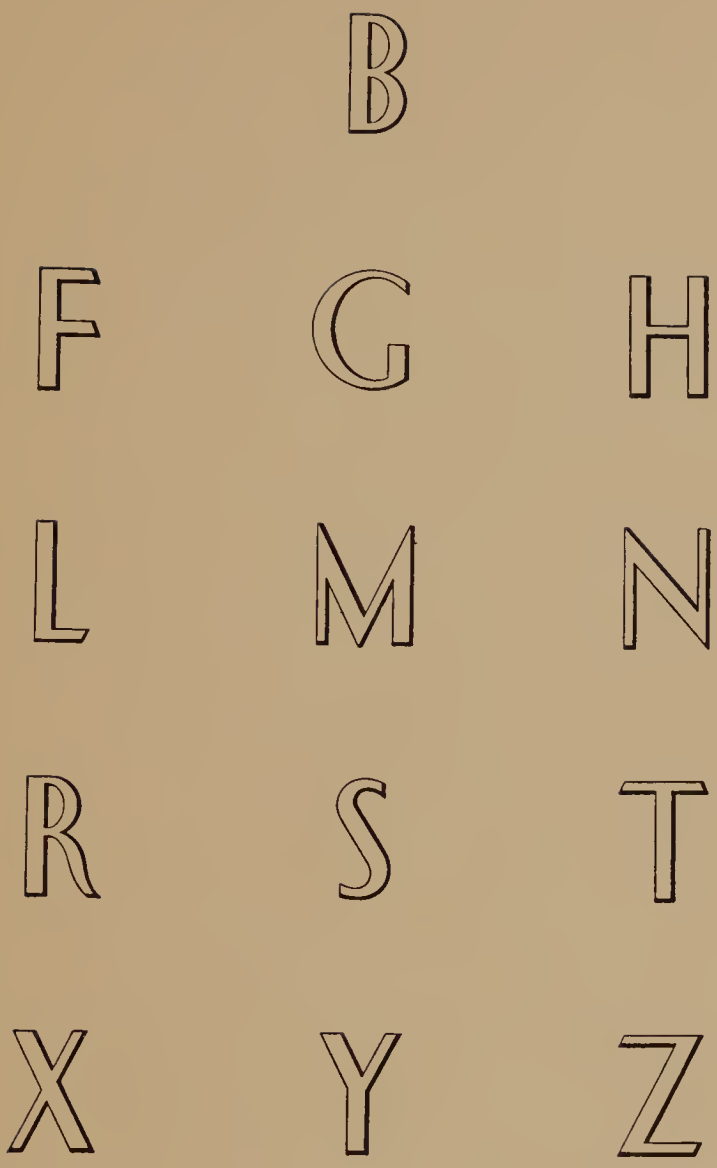
x *y* *z*

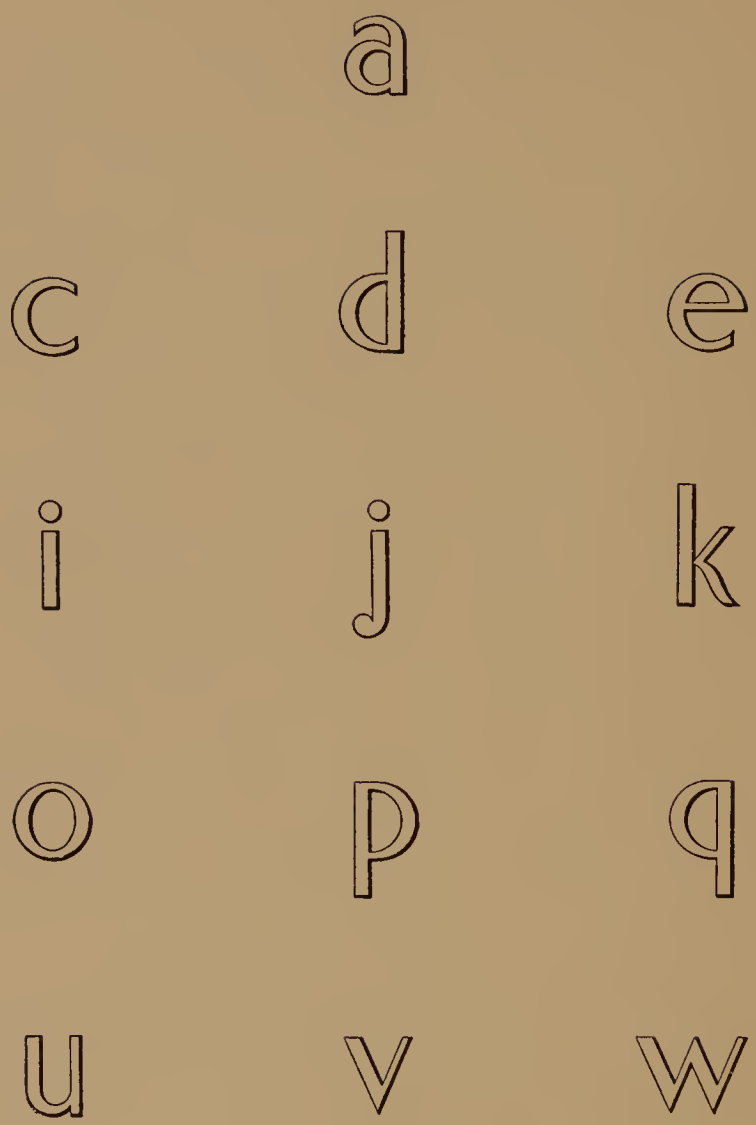


JOSEPH SINEL.

A wiry little man, with deep-set eyes and an explosive smile; he is singularly uncommunicative about his own vital statistics. He came out of New Zealand, roamed largely, and is these several years settled in New York. There is a free and an acid quality about his letters quite distinct from other hands; if we dared use arty words we should guess that his alphabets are provocative and significant. Johnston in London, and A. E. R. Gill, poured some influence on him, and set him on the way to the study and practice of beauty and form in lettering. He designs boxes, too, and objects of commerce. He has done a new type face now being cast by the Bauersche Giesserei in Frankfurt. Probably it was just as well that his early training was (as he says) 'of the most rudimentary nature, and followed the very worst examples extant.' For out of sorry sources he had to make his way alone, and he found an original. There is an audacity and rhythm about his letters, and a variety to his production, which is too rare in America, and which sets him clear apart from the routine lads—in promise, at least.


A
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I J K
O P Q
U V W

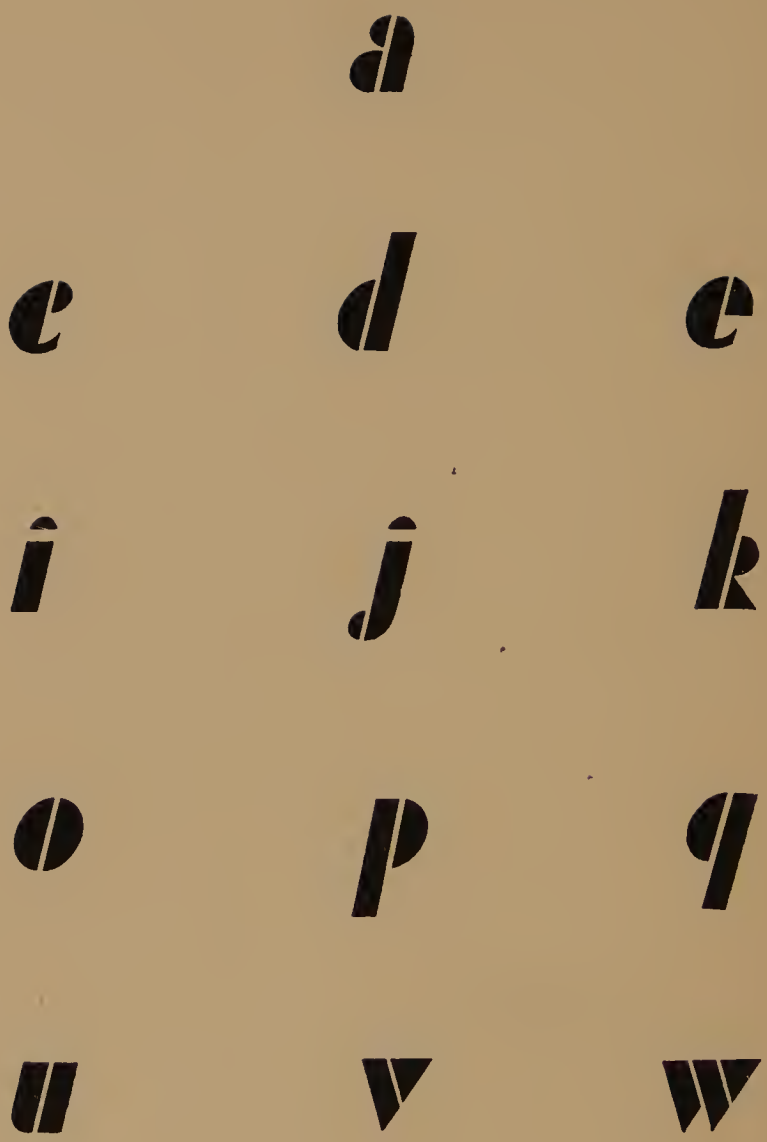

B
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X Y Z

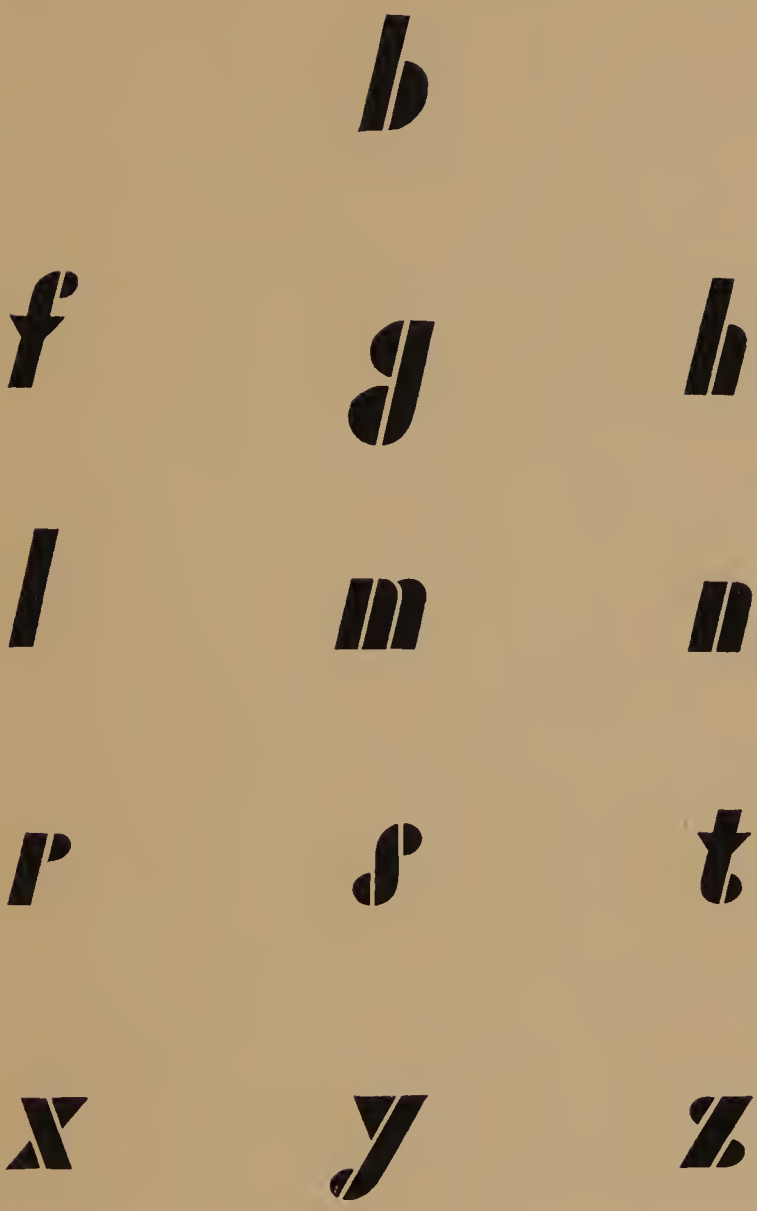

a
c d e
i j k
o p q
u v w


b
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l m n
r s t
x y z


A
C D E
I J K
O P Q
U V W



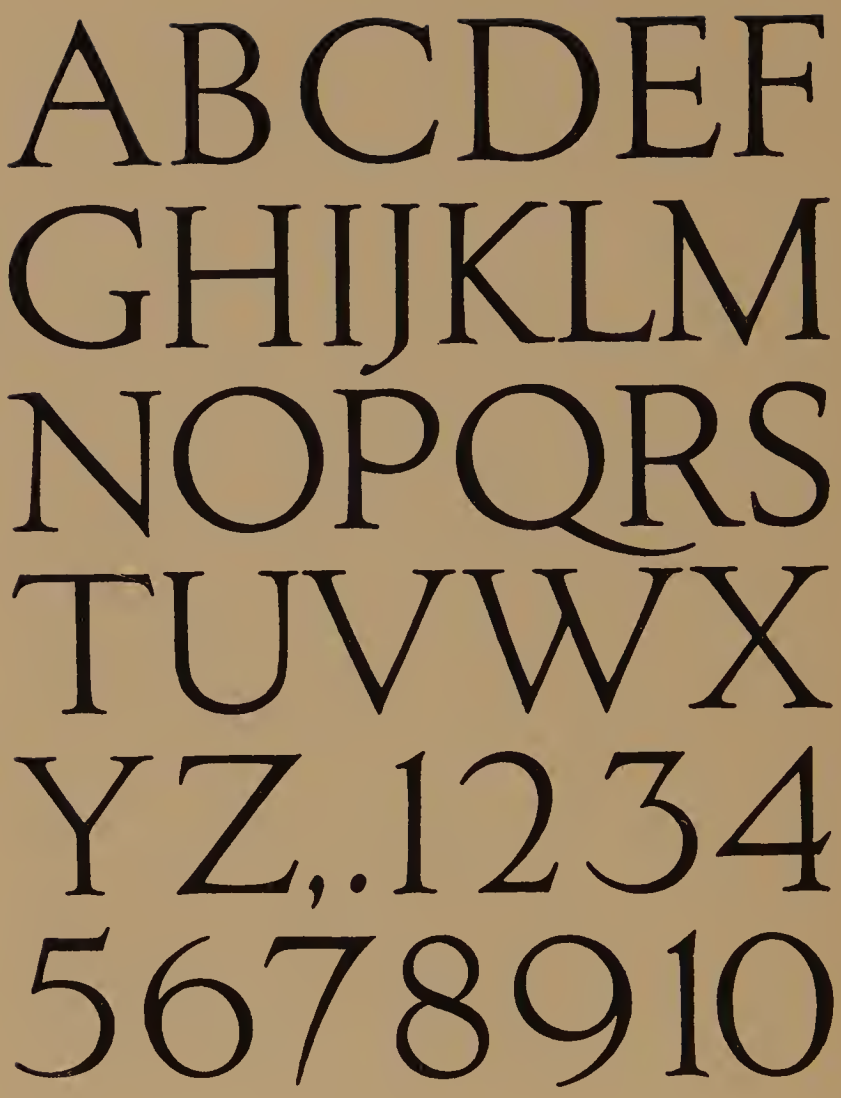


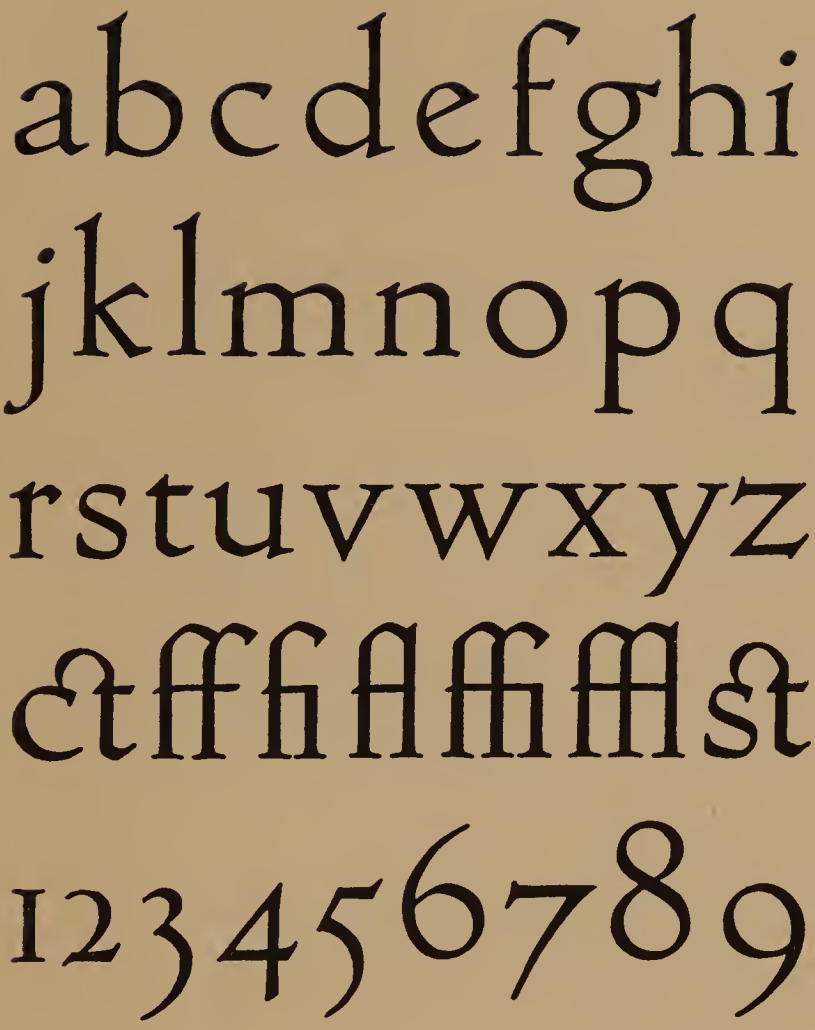

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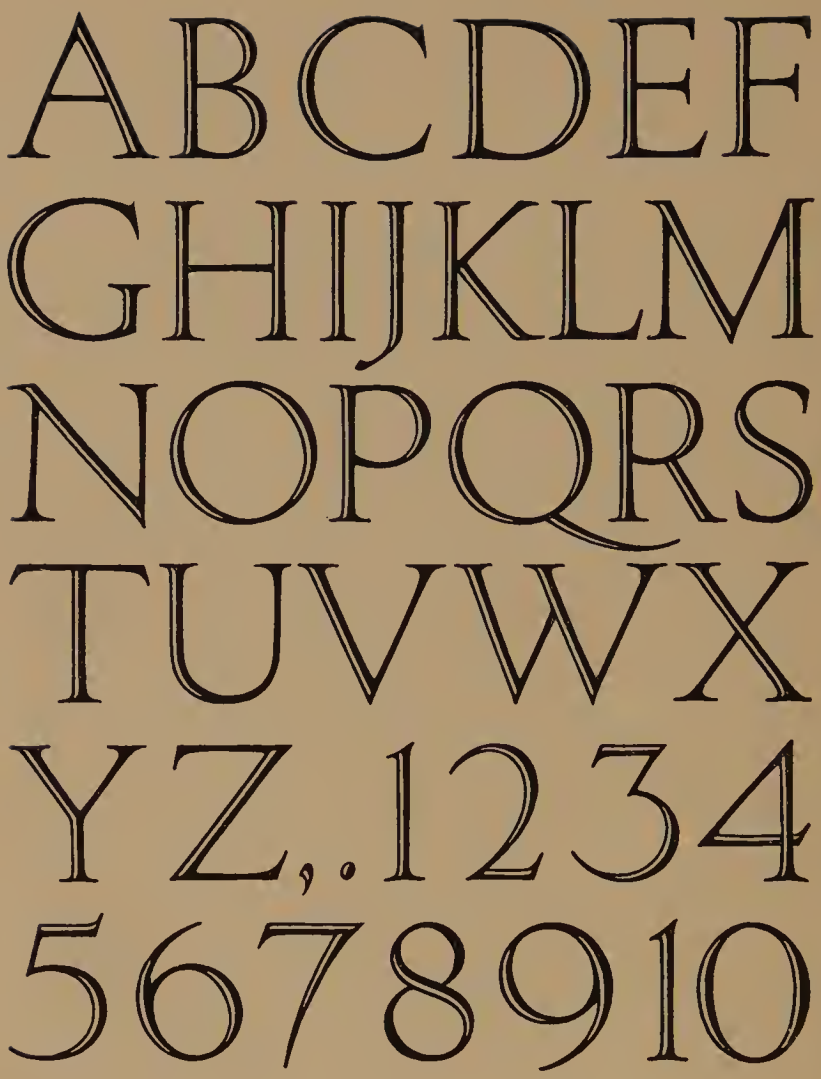


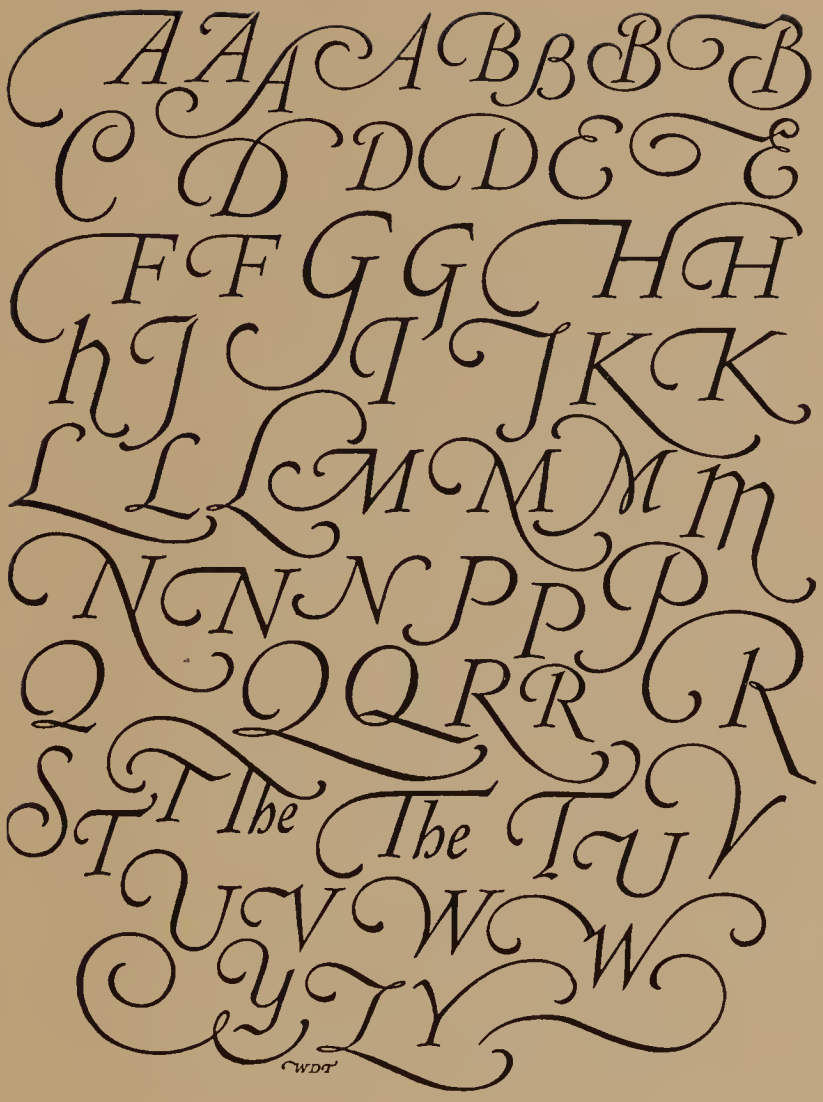
WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE

Here is another of those fair-writers from the Middle West —have you marked their majority in this company? Teague was born a preacher's son in '83 in Decatur, Indiana, plowed through the high school of Pendleton, Indiana, and at nineteen took the locally-shocking leap to New York and the Art Students' League. Since then our eyes have been continuously beguiled by the intricately beautiful penmanship of the Teague—in borders and diapers and flowers and type—in captions and paraphs and initials and colophons. He brought the warm and perfumed breath of Bourbon France into our printed page; he bowed now and then to the great engravers of England and the Continent; but to all the material of his inspiration he added the touch of the true original, and a dexterity which made the old ones seem perhaps a little careless. The alphabet herein is one he made for the great captains of the house of General Motors. He designs things, *as well as letters and pictures.*


ABCDEF
GHIJKLM
NOPQRS
TUVWX
YZ,.1234
5678910


abcdefghi
jklmnopq
rstuvwxyz
ctffiffffst
123456789


ABCDEF
GHIJKLM
NOPQRS
TUVWX
YZ,.1234
5678910


WDT

The editor thanks W. A. Dwiggins for designing the cover, the dust-wrapper, the backbone, and the title-page, of this book. The editor has interfered somewhat, and if the result is not good it is his fault. If the result is good, the credit is due to

Mr. Dwiggins.



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